# nemo

## the classic comics library

No. 25

$3.95 ($5.95 in Canada)

The Comic Strip Ads of Milton Caniff and Noel Sickles

## Seventy Years of Comics:

## The EDWINA Interview

### The Kids, Dogs, Laughs, and Warmth of a Cartooning Legend

**ALSO:** Life in the Squirrel Cage • Eyewitness to Comics History

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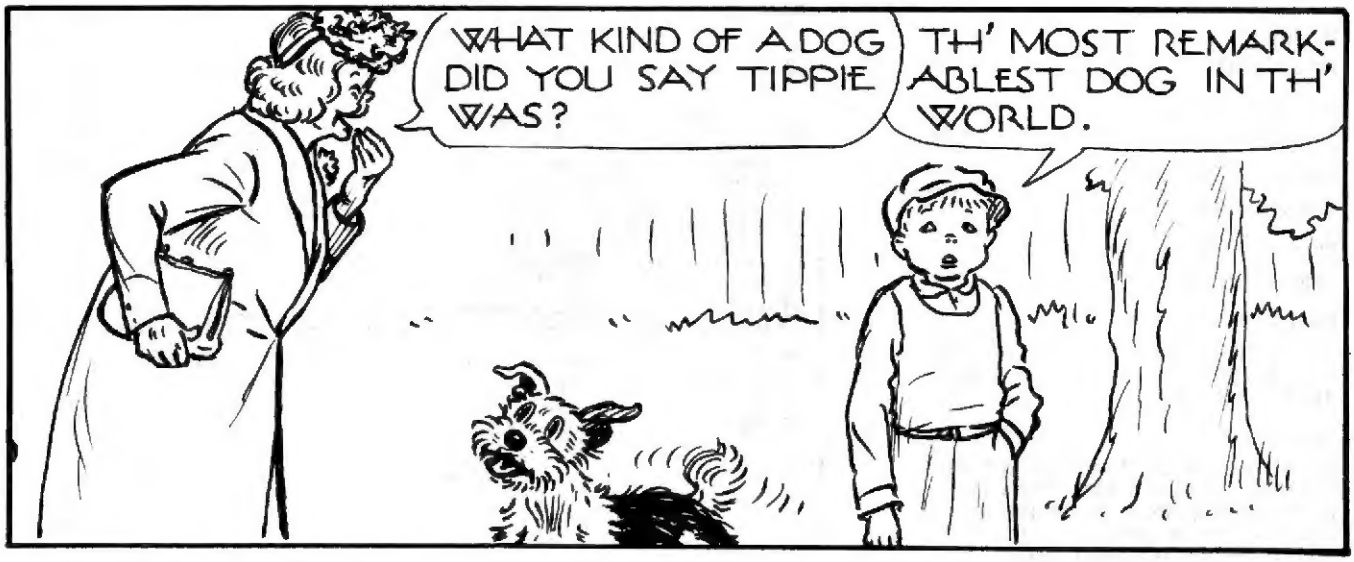
No. 25
April '87

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**NEMO: The Classic Comics Library** (ISSN 0746-9438) **#25**, April, 1987. Vol III, No. 5. Published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301. One-year subscription (six issues): $21.00. Outside the U.S.: $30.00 in U.S. funds. Second-class postage paid at Agoura and additional mailing offices. **Postmaster:** Send address change to: NEMO, POB 787, Bethel CT 06801. Entire contents copyright © 1987 Fantagraphics Books, Inc. The articles and essays in *NEMO* are © by their respective authors. Special contents of *NEMO* are © by Richard Marschall and Fantagraphics Books. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or Richard Marschall. Letters to **NEMO** become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for print in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: May, 1987.

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**8** All-*Little Orphan Annie* issue, including a complete reprint of a 1929 tale, an analysis of the series by Donald Phelps, and a biography of Harold Gray. Full-color Annie cover by Gray.

**10** Christmas issue, with a portfolio of cartoonists' Christmas cards. Also, Gustave Verbeek's *Upside-Downs*, Mell (*Miss Peach*) Lazarus interviewed, Ray Ewer, and *Mutt and Jeff*!

**11** *Sam's Strip*, by Walker and Browne, premieres; "Dwig's" cartoons; giant Charles Dana Gibson portfolio; James Montgomery Flagg remembered; and the forgotten antics of *Slim Jim*.

**12** The cartoonists who fought World War II; Frank King's most fantastic strip; Jack Williamson and Lee Elias's *Beyond Mars* SF strip; and penwoman Rose O'Neill.

**15** A long sequence from Milton Caniff's *Dickie Dare* reprinted; *Tim Tyler's Luck*; *Hairbreadth Harry* continues; an extra-long "European Heroes" installment; plus reviews and letters.

**16** A retrospective of the comic-strip adaptations of *Huckleberry Finn*; George Herriman's pre-Kat strip, *Baron Bean*; *Hairbreadth Harry* concludes; the art of Joseph Clement Coll.

**17** Special all-*Dick Tracy* issue, including a complete reprint of the brutal "Brow" sequence, a rare interview, and an in-depth study of Tracy by Donald Phelps. Extra pages!

**18** *Li'l Abner's* Al Capp is featured, with his final interview, a hilarious speech, and the complete 1955 "Bald Iggie" sequence. Also, the graphic art of Winsor McCay, and *Sam's Strip*.

**19** A classic episode of *Kerry Drake*, Andriola's detective strip; with *Big Chief Wahoo* in Hollywood; the political art of Frank King; and Penman of the Past Russell Patterson.

**20** Gustave Verbeek's classic *Terrors of the Tiny Tads*; R.B. Fuller's adventurous *Oaky Doaks*; *Sam's Strip*; letters; and an special pictorial spread on strip promotion art. Cover by Alex Raymond.

**21** A big helping of Jack Kent's classic *King Aroo*; a look at Percy Crosby's paintings of slum kids; and a complete '40s episode of Harold Gray's little-known Western series, *Little Joe*.

**22** A special collection of features on Jimmy Swinnerton, including a portfolio of rare work; plus *Joe Palooka*, the cartoons of John Held, Jr., and political cartoonists and the labor disputes.

**23** A complete episode of *Little Orphan Annie* from 1937; a look back at *Hi and Lois*; Fontaine Fox's assistant talks about working on *Toonerville Trolley*; and more great *Sam's Strip*.

**24** A special all-Rube Goldberg issue, including a long article on his work, two first-person piece by Rube, a complete checklist, portfolios of *Boob McNutt* Sunday pages and classic "Inventions."

**25** Edwina interviewed, with an episode of her *Cap Stubbs and Tippie*; Gene Ahern's earliest work; Milton Caniff in adland; and John Wheeler's reminiscences of Bud Fisher, TAD, and others.

Subscriptions to the **NEMO: The Classic Comics Library** are also available, at a saving of $5.00 a year over the newsstand price! Support **NEMO**, and you support the history of the comics medium and all its treasures!

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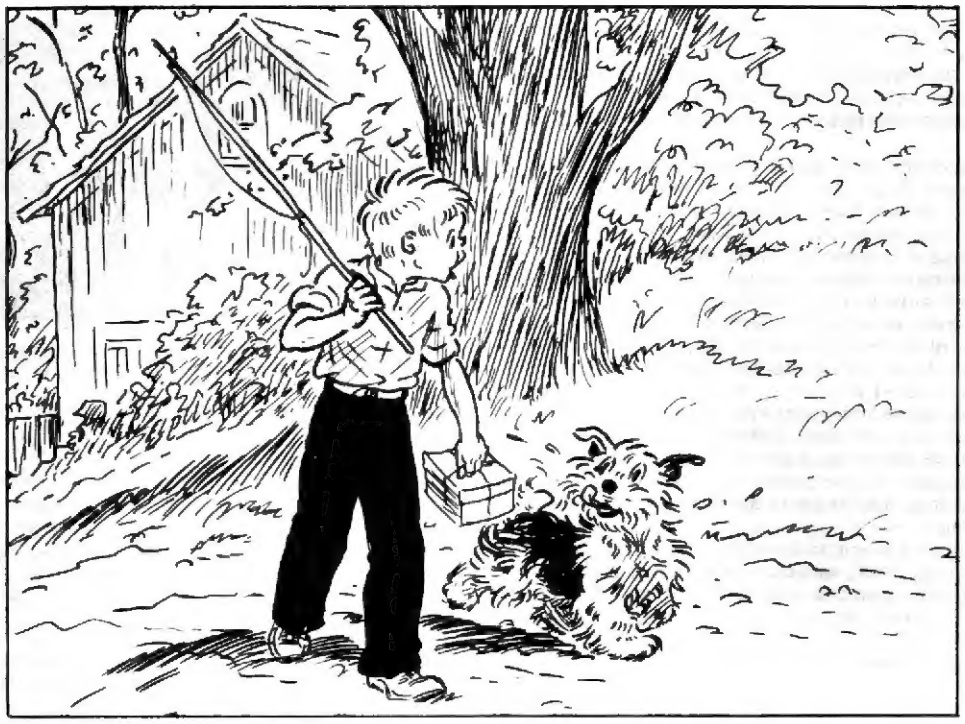


# EDWINA AT 93

## KIDS AND DOGS AND AN AMERICA THAT WE HAVE LOST

## *An Exclusive NEMO Interview*

The remarkable Edwina has just observed her 70th year in cartooning; in 1916 her first professional work appeared, and she continues to draw and sketch and paint, although she has been retired from newspaper deadlines for several years. She is probably as active as she ever was in her syndicated period, and she is still as talented and as modest.

Edwina has granted few interviews, and never any of the scope of the exclusive interview following. It was the intention of Rick Marschall and Bill Janocha to discuss all of the various aspects of Edwina's life and career—the body of work, the friendships, and the

influences that inspired her unique vision of human relationships, particularly those between kids and dogs. Her strip, *Cap Stubbs and Tippie*, is a classic in two regards: it chronicles those warm relationships in a distinctive manner; and it offers a glimpse of an America that has very likely—and regrettably—slipped from our midst.

Frances Edwina Dumm was born in 1893, the daughter of newspaperman Frank Edwin Dumm. As an astute observer, in addition to her cartoonist's eye, Edwina has lived through a remarkable period of history. In nearly a century, America and the world have changed to nearly unbelievable degrees at a dizzying pace. As a cartoonist, Edwina's reaction to her times was to affirm the constant factors in human nature—cheerful naivete, the sense of simple adventure, precious affections, and a perpetual investment of imagination on the part of her creations—and present them to us, her readers, illuminated through the prism of her personalized imagery.

Whether her work was a conscious affirmation of values or the mere result of a talented cartoonist's efforts to entertain the only way she knew how (and she has said, "Why, I just sat down and *drew*!"), she is squarely in the proud tradition of Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Booth Tarkington. Cap Stubbs is the American Everyboy.

The Edwina interview was conducted in several sessions between May and August, 1986; was transcribed by Joe Sacco; and edited by Edwina, Bill Janocha, and Rick Marschall.

**MARSCHALL:** *A logical place to start is at the beginning. You were born in. . . .*
**EDWINA:** Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Have you ever been there?
**MARSCHALL:** *No, I haven't. It's still there?*
**EDWINA:** It's grown. It was only about 3,000 when we lived there. My father said when the Indian chief was finally banished from the town, he stood on the hill and cursed the town, and it never grew after that. And I'm sure he made it up, because nobody else had ever heard the story except me. (*Laughter*) I was talking to a friend the other day. It's got 6,000 people now. So I guess I wouldn't recognize it any more.

**A STAR—A cartoon from mid-1916, when the *Columbus Monitor* stated above its masthead every day "A good cartoon by Miss Edwina Dumm can be found on the *Monitor* Editorial page every day."**

**A DEMOCRATIC FORECAST**

All artwork, unless otherwise noted, from the collection of Edwina

**ROOTS—Young Frances Edwina Dumm with her brother Robert; her maternal grandparents and mother; in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, ca. 1900.**

**MARSCHALL:** *Indian curses wear off after a while.*
**EDWINA:** I guess so, yes. It wore off eventually. But they had an old mission cemetery out there, and we kids used to take the names for ourselves; we were a band of Indians too, you see. I think my name was "Summi de whats," something like that.
**MARSCHALL:** *If it's not impolite to ask a lady, your birthyear was 1893, way back in 1893?*
**EDWINA:** Right.
**MARSCHALL:** *So, you pre-date the comic strip, really.*
**EDWINA:** I knew all of them at that time. *Happy Hooligan*, I don't think *Buster Brown* was on at that time, but Outcault, what did he do?
**MARSCHALL:** *He did the* Yellow Kid. . . .
**EDWINA:** I know there was another one that was magnificent. I had the book of it once, but it's missing now. It was about the colored people at that time.
**MARSCHALL:** Poor Little Mose, *maybe?*
**EDWINA:** That's it, *Poor Little Mose*. It was lovely. I decided then and there I wanted to do that kind of stuff.
**MARSCHALL:** *Were Opper and Outcault your favorite cartoonists?*
**EDWINA:** I don't remember all of them now. I remember the *Hall Room Boys*, remember them?
**MARSCHALL:** *Yes. MacGill.*
**EDWINA:** Of course the *Katzenjammers* were always around. I can't remember them all, but, oh my, were they funny!
**MARSCHALL:** *Your father was a newspaperman. Did he run strips in his newspaper?*
**EDWINA:** His was a small country newspaper. He wasn't active before that. He was an actor here in New York, and when his father got sick he had to go out and take charge. Grandpa bought that paper when he was 19 years of age, and had it paid for in one year's time. It must have been easy to do things then. But, I remember we used to go down there once in a while and see what was going on. Unless you could have the county [legal] printing you didn't make any money. So he finally sold the paper. And then Papa worked on the *Marion Star* with Warren G. Harding.
**MARSCHALL:** *With Harding? Side by side?*
**EDWINA:** Yes. . . . I'll tell you what Papa said about Harding. He liked him very much. He said all he did was tell dirty stories to his dog to the amusement of those in the office. (*Laughter*) I thought you'd enjoy that angle on it, anyway. And the city editor was the best cusser at any newspaper in the United States. He had that reputation. He and Papa got along just beautifully.
**MARSCHALL:** *And what did your father do on the paper?*
**EDWINA:** I think he was a reporter or something. I don't know. They knew the Hardings before they ever moved to Marion. But I don't know when the friendship began or what it was like. But anyway, Mrs. Harding was a really fine, fine person.
**MARSCHALL:** *Was she?*
**EDWINA:** And she went past every day to give the newsboys their papers to deliver. She was quite a character. My mother was introduced by Mrs. Harding to Harding before they were married. I don't know anything other than that. In fact, my grandfather was figuring on buying *The Star* at one time himself.
**MARSCHALL:** *Your father could have been president then [instead of Harding].*
**EDWINA:** Not my father. No, never. (*Laughter.*) But Harding. . . . I had to make cartoons showing him up looking like McKinley and all the great ones, at that time, in the paper. It was a very

# The Landon School News

1917

## FROM COAST TO COAST COMMENTS

**The Cartoonist of "The Columbus Daily Monitor" states:**

"It has been more than a year now since I first went on 'The Mo[illegible]r,' and I want to thank you for all you have done for me before and during that time. Not only did your instructions make it possible for me to do the work, but I find myself frequently referring to them, and benefiting by it. No one could take your course and regret it—I will vouch for that. It is so practical and thorough and seems to foresee one's every need in the newspaper office. I cannot speak with too much enthusiasm in regard to it.

Sincerely yours,
EDWINA DUMM."

**The "New York Telegram" Cartoonist states:**

"Just a line to express my keen appreciation for the personal interest you have taken in me and my work. I attribute whatever success to the thorough and highly competent course of instruction I received from you. I heartily recommend your school and method to all students desiring to take a course in cartooning which in the end will lead to profitable employment. Again thanking you, I beg to remain,

Gratefully yours,
GENE BYRNES."

Cartoonist Edwina Dumm

Collection of Rick Marschall

**The Cartoonist of "The Omaha News" states:**

"The personal interest you took in me from the start convinced me that you were interested in the success of your pupils. I found your instructions clear and thorough, and your criticism service complete. I have many times gladly recommended your school, with a full knowledge of the true worth of your course of lessons and personal help.

Sincerely yours, TERRY GILKISON."

**The Cartoonist of "The Seattle Post-Intelligencer" states:**

"I must say that I was more than pleased with the course. The instructions are easy to understand and they give one a thorough knowledge of the newspaper game before going in to it. I will never regret your course, and highly recommend your course to all desiring to make a success of cartooning and illustrating.

Respectfully yours,
PAUL B. FUNG."

**The Creator of "Freckles and His Friends" states:**

"Mere words cannot express my appreciation of the course of lessons which I received from The Landon School. I was a beginner when I started on this course. While the lessons themselves always proved intensely interesting, since making a success of newspaper work I have grown to realize how important all the subjects are which are taken up throughout the course of lessons, and just how everything which is useless is eliminated. Whenever I got a lesson I felt as if Mr. Landon were standing beside me, telling me what to do next.

Very truly,
MERRILL BLOSSER,
with The N. E. A. Syndicate."

**An ad for the Landon School from 1917.**

conservative paper. It lasted about two years. And I happened to be lucky enough to get on.

**MARSCHALL:** *Now this was the Columbus paper?*

**EDWINA:** The *Columbus Monitor.*

**JANOCHA:** *So, how old were you at this time?*

**EDWINA:** In my twenties somewhere. Early twenties. Because I was 24 when I came to New York.

**MARSCHALL:** *That was a Republican paper then?*

**EDWINA:** I don't know. It must've been. Ours was a Democratic paper.

**MARSCHALL:** *The family paper?*

**EDWINA:** The family paper was Democratic. This one story, I think I wrote about when I said why I didn't go to college. One time there was a painter who got stranded there in Upper Sandusky and couldn't get any money to get out. So in order to escape he started a class to teach painting and drawing, so my grandmother joined the class. And she painted a picture of tiger lilies. It was terrible. And my grandfather labelled it "Sarah Jane's Masterpiece The Famous Tiger Lilies." So he took it to the fair, and he put it in, and managed to get the first prize for it; Grandma didn't know anything about it. So when she went to the fair they all said, "Isn't that lovely. You got the first—." She didn't know. When she saw it she was so mad, she didn't know what to do. And the next day he wrote a very comic article about the whole thing, which made her madder. But, that's why I said I didn't go to college. I didn't want to do *that* kind of art work. I wanted to do cartooning. Also, I could hardly wait to get out of high school. Oh, I thought if I didn't get out of that place soon I'd die. I swore I'd never go into another classroom as long as I lived. And I only got in once after that. My best friend—we were roommates together, she was a singer—and she had a chance to sing at Atlantic City. I went with her. It was in a schoolroom. So there I was back in school again, but only for one night. (*Laughter*)

**MARSCHALL:** *Your father . . . you said he was an actor before a newspaper man?*

**EDWINA:** Yes, Papa was in his own play in New York—in the Tony Pastor Theatre when he was 24 years of age. But the angel apparently couldn't come through with the money to give him the chance to put it over, so that was the end of that. But he said he'd walk around the block three times before he would go in and apply for a job. They made him so nervous. But he was on the stage for about six years.

**MARSCHALL:** *His name was . . .?*

**EDWINA:** Frank Dumm.

**JANOCHA:** *Did your parents want you to go on to the stage as a career or into the newspaper?*

**EDWINA:** They said nothing one way or the other. It was entirely up to me, whatever I wanted to do. My father made me take the business course in high school because he said if you're drawing, you may not have enough to eat; it's better to have a second career handy. Which is still good advice, I think.

**JANOCHA:** *And you worked as a stenographer then.*

**EDWINA:** I worked for the board of education while in high school, I was sent there. After I graduated, then I got a job there. I didn't like it. I don't like regular hours, for one thing. Do you?

**MARSCHALL:** *No.*

**EDWINA:** Do you?

**JANOCHA:** *No.*

**EDWINA:** It would set me crazy. So I worked there about a year, and the doctor said if I didn't get out I'd be really sick. So I got out. Then our next door neighbor was the agent for the Big Four Railroad. And he wanted his daughter to have this stenographer's job, the secretary. And she wasn't out of school yet. So I got that job for about eight months.

**THE KNOCK—An anti-Wilson cartoon by Edwina from 1916.**

THE SEA OF DIPLOMACY
SHIP OF STATE
NOTE
NOTE
NOT

A MODERN SIR WALTER?

LOOK OUT!

THE SCOURGE

HER TROUBLESOME WARD

**Edwina political cartoons from 1917.**

**MINNIE—Edwina's first strip, about a girl and her dog, from 1916. Ironically, the dog resembles the later "Tippie," but not the original Tippie of *Cap Stubbs*.**

**MARSCHALL:** *That was your last honest job, then. Last nine-to-five?*
**EDWINA:** That was the last honest job, yeah. (*Laughter*) Nine 'till five? It was 7 o'clock in the morning. I got them used to 7:30, but I couldn't do any better than that. How can they expect people to be anywhere at that hour of the morning? It's ridiculous.
**MARSCHALL:** *. . . and functioning.*
**EDWINA:** Yes.
**MARSCHALL:** *So, how old were you when you came out to New York?*
**EDWINA:** Out here in New York? I was 24. I got enough money that way to get here, and enough to last about a year. So, at the end of the year—I had sent work to Mr. [George Matthew] Adams, and he had had a syndicate in Chicago. So when I came here, I went to him right away, because he said he could use something like my cartoons. And you know it was funny. . . do you remember George Matthew Adams?
**MARSCHALL:** *Yeah.*
**EDWINA:** You were there, I know.
**MARSCHALL:** *I used to go up to the syndicate when I was a kid.*
**EDWINA:** I remember. I know when I went to Mr. Adams's office it was funny. Whoever it was announced me. Pretty soon he came out, and, of course, instead of coming through the gate, he just leaped over. He was that type of person. Do you remember him?
**MARSCHALL:** *Yeah, he didn't leap over too many gates when I knew him.*
**EDWINA:** He got past that, I guess.
**MARSCHALL:** *When he was in Chicago, was he connected with the* Daily News*?*
**EDWINA:** I don't know. He had a syndicate. He started it with those little features. I've got one of his books.
**MARSCHALL:** *He featured little boiler-plate items.*
**EDWINA:** Yeah. Did you ever see his books? Oh, those are good.
**MARSCHALL:** *He syndicated you early on?*
**EDWINA:** Yes, he started me out.
**MARSCHALL:** *And Walt Mason, I think—the poet—and William Morris, the political cartoonist, and Ed Wheelan* [Minute Movies] *. . . It was a pretty active syndicate. . . .*
**EDWINA:** Yes, it was pretty good. He started out with small features that way, and built it up on that principle, I believe. Bruno Pascale, who was his business manager, I think, had been his caddy. Or maybe he was his barber. I've forgotten which. And, I think Jerry Capanear was the one that was his caddy. He employed these people when he found he like them and they got along. And he and Bruno would fight all morning; walked up and down, calling each other names, and lunch-time comes and [Adams] says, come on, let's go to lunch now.
**MARSCHALL:** *The way to run a syndicate.*
**EDWINA:** He was quite a character.
**MARSCHALL:** *You named some of your favorite strips, when you were a girl. . .*
**EDWINA:** Well, they're the only ones I can remember. They were all favorites.
**MARSCHALL:** *Did you have—an obvious question—any favorite animal artist, like Sullivant?*
**EDWINA:** Yes. Robert L. Dickey. He taught me how to draw dogs. And then *Buster Brown*—that dog.
**MARSCHALL:** *Tige.*
**EDWINA:** In fact, when I started the strip, I used a dog similar to Buster Brown's. When I started drawing Sinbad in *Life*, they wanted one not like him—wooly, not short-haired. But anyway, they wanted me to change it. And I worked up a story about the dog being lost and the little boy who was a cripple found him and they were so fond of each other and so forth. And that's how they got another dog.
**MARSCHALL:** *Before we leave Columbus, let's pull some drawings out. Here's a* Cartoons Magazine *from March, 1916. Seventy years ago? I'm not good on math. And "What the Cartoonists Are Doing" was a section in the back of each issue. There's a little article on you. They misspelled your name. They called you Edwina Dunn.*
**EDWINA:** Well, that's a little better anyway (*Laughter*). I should have changed it myself.
**MARSCHALL:** Columbus Saturday Monitor. *Was it a weekly paper?*
**EDWINA:** To start with. And then it became a daily. It was a very fancy little paper at first. The type of things I did there were more

**SAYING HELLO—The original version of Cap Stubbs and the strip's first Tippie. . . later to be replaced by a new breed.**

YER A RED CROSS DOG AN' YOU GO AN' BRING IN TH' WOUNDED!
AWFUL BAD CASE! BUT HIS LUNGS IS ALLRIGHT!
HERE-TRY SAMMY'S CANDY! IT MIGHT HELP YER!
AW-WOT YOU YELLIN' 'BOUT!
EDWINA
YOU DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT 'CUZ YER TH' GEN'RAL! YOU JEST PLAN TH' BATTLES! SEE!
GEE-THIS IS FINE! THEY OUGHTTA MADE ME GEN'RAL LONG AGO!
HERE'S A PRISONER OF WAR GEN'RAL!
EDWINA
STOP EATING OR YOU WON'T WANT A THING WHEN DINNER'S READY!
OH YES I WILL!
GIT AWAY FROM THAT PIE!
GEE-I WISHT IT WUZ THANKSGIVIN' DAY ALLUS!
TH' TURKEY'S DONE MISSUS STUBBS!
I'M COMING MAGGIE! IS EVERYTHING ELSE ON THE TABLE!
MAGGIE-YOU BRING TH' GRAVY! COME ON "CAP"-DINNER'S READY!
"CAP"-COME TO DINNER!
GIMME A DRUMSTICK PA.
EDWINA
GIVE TH' MESSAGE TO GEN'RAL SAMMY!
AW-GIMME IT!
GIVE IT TO HIM TIPPIE!
LEGGO TIP!
EDWINA

**DEBUT—Four of the very earliest *Cap Stubbs* dailies (mid-November 1918), when Tippie still resembled Buster Brown's Tige.**

copies of photographs, I mean in pen and ink then. And then we began doing the other stuff when it became a daily. Then I did the daily cartoon.

**MARSCHALL:** *In one of these articles it said they ran a banner on the front page saying, "Don't miss the clever cartoon by our own Edwina Dumm in each issue."*

**EDWINA:** Oh, really?

**MARSCHALL:** *They were bragging about you.*

**EDWINA:** I didn't know that.

**MARSCHALL:** *This is a pro-Wilson cartoon. I forget, did you say the paper was Democrat or Republican?*

**EDWINA:** It was Democrat. Did I do that cartoon?

**MARSCHALL:** *Yeah, it's a Wilson cartoon.*

**EDWINA:** Oh, yes, I remember it now. I was more interested then in being an illustrator. And so I did it from an illustrator's point of view.

**SINBAD DOES GOOD—A page from Edwina's 1932 book *Sinbad Again!***

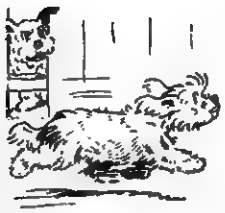
**MARSCHALL:** *The cross-hatching and everything?*
**EDWINA:** But the other style would have been better. Simpler things. Because in the cartoon the idea is uppermost, not the drawing. I tell you who I think was the best one, what was his name? A New Zealander.
**MARSCHALL:** *Norman Lindsay? David Low?*
**EDWINA:** David Low. Norman Lindsay was good too. But I saw them in those old *Cartoon Magazines*. I mean Lindsay. . . . But you know that Low, he makes it like a tapestry. . . here's this story woven all through it. I thought it was beautiful.
**MARSCHALL:** *A great technique. If you had an early interest in illustrators, did you, because you were a girl, follow the female artists? O'Neill, Drayton . . .?*
**EDWINA:** I never thought of it one way or the other. I was just interested in the drawing. When I first started drawing the cartoons, my father helped me because he understood all the politics and all that sort of thing. Then he got sick right in the middle of it so I had to go on from there myself.
**MARSCHALL:** *This is a cartoon—and we'll run this in the issue unless you object—*
**EDWINA:** No.
**MARSCHALL:** *—this doesn't look too pro-Democratic. This is in an ad for the Landon Cartoon Correspondence School, and they were bragging about you.*
**EDWINA:** Oh, really?
**MARSCHALL:** *You took the mail-order course, did you?*
**EDWINA:** Of course, everybody did at that time.
**MARSCHALL:** *That's when you signed both your names.*
**EDWINA:** Oh, I see. Yes, I did sign both of them. I don't really remember this one in particular. Graham Hunter, do you know his work?
**MARSCHALL:** *Yes, I do.*
**EDWINA:** Wonderful, I think. He took the Landon School course too, I think. But there were a lot of them. And Mr. Landon came here; he was an art editor for some magazine. But I never saw him, except one time, up in Cleveland.
**MARSCHALL:** *Did he ever offer you a job with the NEA? He was art director for that syndicate for awhile.*
**EDWINA:** No. Never did.
**MARSCHALL:** *It was a great system he had. He ran this school,*

COINCIDENCE

I wrote a friend, and he wrote me:
Our letters crossed last night.
And what I said, and what he said,
Was: "Hey, why don't you write?"

DARK DAY

The lowest point on earth is not
The bottom of the sea—
For on the days I have the blues,
The lowest point is me!



TOO HARD

The reason some folks have no friends,
(It never seems to strike 'em)
Is that they make it difficult
For other folks to like 'em.

HEARSAY

It's fun to greet these frigid dawns,
And spring right out of bed.
At least, that's what I understand—
I've only heard it said.

PROTEST

I've learned by sad experience
A fact that's all too true—
It's that my stomach doesn't like
A lot of things I do.

TOUGH

A bully likes to pick a fight
With someone he can whip—
The moral is to grow so strong
You're the one that he will skip.

**PUPPY PERSONALITY—A sampling from *Alec the Great*, illustrations by Edwina and verses by Robert Dennis.**

*and then his best students, like Roy Crane, after they would finish his course, if they were good enough, he'd see their work and offer them jobs right away.*

**EDWINA:** No. Well, I came to see Mr. Adams right away. I did study with Landon, though. He was very good. What he taught you best was how to make a good pen line that would reproduce well. But I think in any art all you can learn are the techniques, from outside. It's what you *think* that counts; if you don't think, it isn't going to count. When I say think, I mean have a feeling, that sort of thing. Whatever you have to offer.

**MARSCHALL:** *Yes. That can't be taught to you, you're saying. A strip, an early strip that you did, and you'll have to tell us about this. . . .*

**EDWINA:** I did a strip for the *Columbus Monitor*, part-time.

**MARSCHALL:** *Was that* Meanderings of Minnie? *I've got a very small reproduction of it here.*

**EDWINA:** I don't have any of those.

**MARSCHALL:** *What do you remember about the strip? You did it just for that paper? It wasn't syndicated?*

**EDWINA:** The strip [*Minnie*] was just for the *Monitor*, but I also did a full-page commentary cartoon. . . .They had a cartoon on the *Dispatch* at that time, and that's what they wanted, something like that one. Billy Ireland did it.

**MARSCHALL:** *Oh, his was* The Passing Show, *right?*

**EDWINA:** Yes. Full page.

**JANOCHA:** *And what was the premise of your strip? Do you remember what the characters' names were?*

**EDWINA:** I just remember I started it and I don't remember anything more about it. But when I came here Mr. Adams wanted something with a boy in it, and that's how I got to draw *Cap Stubbs*, I think. I think that was it.

**MARSCHALL:** *Now to me this character in* Meanderings of Minnie *looks like the* Cap Stubbs *strip, but with a girl. Minnie is a girl and there's a dog in the strip. . . .*

**EDWINA:** Oh, yes. I had a dog at that time. We never had a dog in the house when I grew up because my grandmother didn't approve. But one time my brother was quite ill and we went out for a walk, and this little dog jumped out at us from behind a tree and wanted to play. Father picked him up and said—picked *her* up, that is—and said, "Tomorrow is Mother's Day and this little dog has no mother. We'll take it home." And he put her in his pocket, and we took it home to my mother. And that was Lily Jane. He named it after a little character who was in one of his plays.

Lily Jane was the cutest dog you've ever seen, and the smartest. We went up to a friend's one time and they had some beer. We all had a glass of beer. And that dog went around and begged beer from everyone in the house. And when she went home that night she hardly touched the ground! She was the cutest thing. So we brought her here to New York and she lived to be about 17. We used to take her to the parks, and I remember taking her to Central Park one time and she just about went wild, chasing squirrels, birds, anything. She wanted to do everything that was there. But, well, she lived a good life. And we all loved her.

**MARSCHALL:** *Mixed breed, was she?*

**EDWINA:** A little bit like the dog I drew in the strip. . . that was the original one. And when she died we got another one. And that was the one that was in *Life* Magazine. They had a contest and called the dog Sinbad. So we called her Lily Sinbad. And then the last dog was—I got her at the Bide-a-wee—she had had distemper and she was never quite well. And that was the last one I had.

**MARSCHALL:** *Three dogs in your life?*

**EDWINA:** Three dogs. But my father had a little pug dog when he was on the stage. I have a picture of the two of them together, that's awfully cute. The dog belonged to somebody else but it preferred my father. So it stayed with us all the time.

**MARSCHALL:** *Adopted your father.*

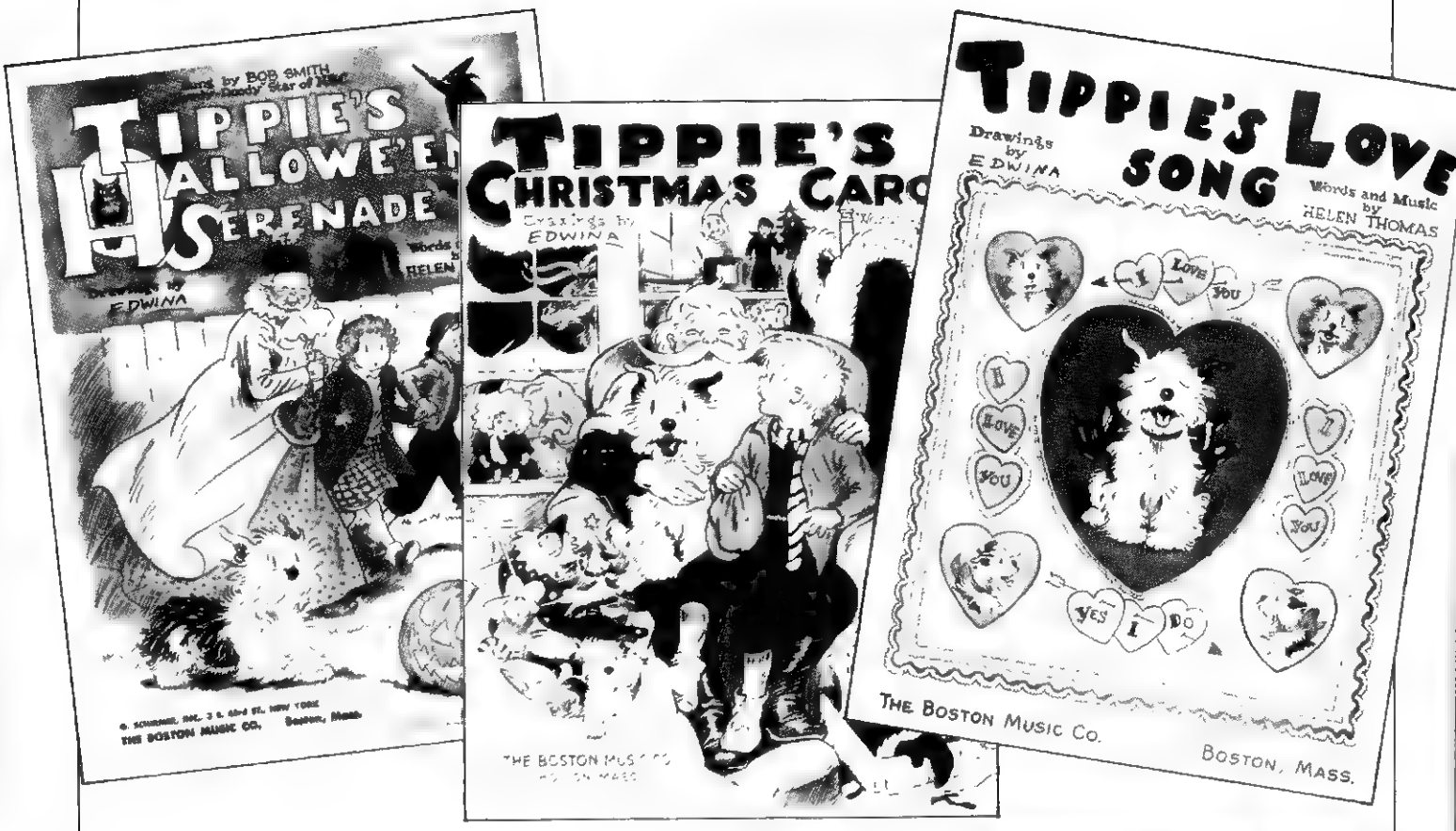
**EDWINA:** It adopted my father. It was a lovely little dog. We had a parrot too. And Polly used to call this dog, "Oh, you are such a nice little Fritzy pup. Come come come." Fritzy would run over there and then he'd say, "Get away!"—scream at him and carry on; and that went on for some time too. I was just a child at that time, I don't remember too much about it. I just remember the bird that had opinions of its own.

**JANOCHA:** *So I guess we'd like to know what your first jobs were when you came to New York. When you reached here what were the first places you approached? Did you go right up to the Adams Service?*

RIGHT: A early promotional photo of Edwina Dumm and a friend.

BELOW: Center Ring—A two-page spread from an unpublished book by Edwina and Helen Thomas, *Tippie's Circus Fantasy.*

**EDWINA:** Yes, and he accepted the strip right away, but it was six or eight months to get any kind of money out of it. I had saved enough to get along that long. It just came in the nick of time.
**MARSCHALL:** *The name of the strip from the start was* Cap Stubbs and Tippie *or just* Cap Stubbs?
**EDWINA:** I think it was just *Cap Stubbs,* as I recall. I moved to New York in September or October of 1917 and by 1918 *Cap Stubbs* was going strong.
**JANOCHA:** *Tippie looked a little different in those days.*
**EDWINA:** Yes; as I said, I was modelling more after Buster Brown's "Tige." I modelled it after that dog. But when the syndicate noted the success of my dog strip *Sinbad* in *Life*, that's when I had to get rid of this one.
**MARSCHALL:** *That's fascinating. So the dog just didn't evolve by growing hair; it was a new dog that came into the strip.*
**EDWINA:** It was a new dog entirely. I saw all these life drawings of, you know, Bob Dickey, and that's how I got interested in learning a little bit about knowing animal anatomy.
**MARSCHALL:** *I see.*
**EDWINA:** He was excellent, as you remember.
**MARSCHALL:** *Oh, he was great.*
**EDWINA:** Nobody like him. So, then I got used to drawing the dog. Well, I tell you, when you study human anatomy, you learn anatomy of animals at the same time, because they're all built on the same principles. You know that. I went to the Art Students' League when I was in the Studio Club. And I've got an original by George Bridgman. . . he was the greatest, I think. I don't think anyone ever equalled him as a teacher that I know of. But anyway, this was a student drawing. And a friend of mine was the monitor in the class so she gave it to me. But Bridgman would come and look at your stuff, look over at you, then erase your drawing and draw it as it should be drawn. And that's why the drawing is a Bridgman original!
**MARSCHALL:** *Terrific.*
**EDWINA:** Oh, he was great.
**MARSCHALL:** *All the muscles and the bones. . . .*




**EDWINA:** He used to make murals for the 1893 Chicago Fair. And he said he found out when he made them big he didn't even know what a hand was like. So he studied until he did! You've seen his books, and he got to the point that you could understand the things. I studied under Frederick R. Gruger at one time, too. And he was another great artist.
**JANOCHA:** *But you learned a lot from Bridgman. . . .*
**EDWINA:** Yes, I did. He really was tops. I don't think anybody's surpassed him. His class was the only anatomy I ever studied except out in Ohio, where they only worked from plaster casts. Here you got live models, and I remember Uncle Frank was so shocked when he heard we had live models without any clothes on. . ."Oh no, she wouldn't study in a place like that". . . how else are you going to learn? People don't figure that way when they're not artists. Artists are a different breed.
**MARSCHALL:** *What did you study with Gruger? Was it composition and technique?*
**EDWINA:** Illustration. It was a night class. And he was kind of a timid man. . . not timid, but bashful or something, because he would never look at you, at the class. He'd just look at the drawing, and then he'd show you what to do with it. And didn't want anybody to draw like him but they all did.
**MARSCHALL:** *A whole generation of artists did.*
**EDWINA:** Yes. He was excellent. It was fun in those days, the 1920s. You could go out at night and not be afraid. Go anywhere you liked. I studied with Lane Carter. Do you know her work?
**MARSCHALL:** *No.*
**EDWINA:** We went to see—names walk out on me—George Bellows.
**MARSCHALL:** *Oh, yes.*
**EDWINA:** You remember him. We went to this class up on Riverside Drive somewhere. And he worked according to a certain principle. Well, it was useless, because you made the drawing and if it fit the principle, that's fine, but to make the principle first, to my mind, was a lot of nonsense. It couldn't work; nor for me, anyway. But, anyway, it was interesting.
**MARSCHALL:** *Oh, this is terrific. Did you. . . this is all while the strip was running?*

**TIPPIE TUNES—Helen Thomas (right) wrote several songs for and about Edwina's playful pup.**

**EDWINA:** Yes.
**MARSCHALL:** *Did you then aspire to do anything in addition to the strip, to do illustration or fine arts or. . . .*
**EDWINA:** I did illustrate books.
**MARSCHALL:** *Okay, the Alexander Woolcott book* [Two Gentlemen and a Lady].
**EDWINA:** But it was all along the same lines.
**MARSCHALL:** *Yes. What I mean is different techniques; did you take up oils, or sculpture—*
**EDWINA:** I tried oils once. . . I like watercolors. I've done watercolors. In fact, I'll show you some of the bus sketches. . .You get on a bus, you pick out a character on the bus, and you casually look back and forth, back and forth, and establish everything you can about him. And when you get off the bus you go home as fast as you can and put it down before it's lost.
**JANOCHA:** *Out of your memory.*
**MARSHCALL:** *Your bus sketches must have been good discipline.*

*Would these characters show up in your strip then? Or just for your own amusement you would do this?*

**EDWINA:** Yes. I'll show you what they're like. This one—you won't believe that I really got that from life. (*Laughter*) I did.

**JANOCHA:** *You did a lot of drawings of your pets, at home, right?*

**EDWINA:** Of the dog, yes. I'll show you some of the sketches here. These are bus sketches. That's my little dog over here. Lily Jane.

**JANOCHA:** *It's funny that the work you're showing here is similar somewhat to the work of Isabel Bishop. . . .*

**EDWINA:** Oh, really?

**JANOCHA:** *. . . who was a very famous painter of the same period that you were doing your work. She lived around Union Square and rode the bus, and did similar things to this. It's funny that you were both in the same city at the same time. . . Now did you ever use any photographs when you were working on the strip? Did you ever have to use any photographic reference for figures or for backgrounds?*

**EDWINA:** Well, I might have for certain things, I've forgotten. But, as a rule I didn't. . . .

**MARSCHALL:** *This looks like George Belcher, the British artist. Maybe not in technique, but his character studies.*

**EDWINA:** I worked on these while I was working on the strip. I've sure done a lot of stuff. I don't know how I did it now. (*Laughter*) They're entertaining to do. And you get *character* that you could never get any other way.

**JANOCHA:** *Because your strip used a lot of human figures and the dog, I assume you did character sketching of your pets. . . .*

**EDWINA:** I did pictures of them while they were lying down, you couldn't get them otherwise. I had a lot of sketchbooks, books on dogs, cats, you know. . . I think everybody does something like that; I don't think it's unusual. I found a book the other day on 57th Street on "How to learn to talk to animals" and it really was a technical book, very interesting.

**JANOCHA:** *I think most animals have a very intuitive sense. They can try to figure you out by how you approach them; not by thinking or reason, but feeling.*

**EDWINA:** I'm reading a book now about the Dublin Zoo. It's quite interesting. He was telling about an orangutan that fooled this man, worked out something every time he tried to contain him. That ape could work something out and always get on the other side. Now that took thought—not instinct; thought. I'm fascinated by animal behavior. . .we're all related.

**JANOCHA:** *I wanted to ask you a little bit about how you worked on the strip.*

**EDWINA:** On the drawing board, that's all. (*Laughter*) You mean to get the idea?

**JANOCHA:** *Yes.*

**EDWINA:** Well, lots of times I picked up my ideas on my way back from the country on the train. . .when I went to town on the bus . . .or just sitting down and thinking. It never was very difficult to get ideas because I had so much background material to choose from, you see. . . .

**JANOCHA:** *A lot of childhood memories. . . .*

**EDWINA:** Yes. A lot of childhood memories. Because we were very active kids, as I recall. As I say, we pretended to be an Indian tribe, and we lived above a river. Our house was on South Main Street, which went back pretty far and then it went straight down to the river. And we were down there half the time. There were so many things going on all the time.

**JANOCHA:** *Who was Grandma fashioned after? Was there anyone in particular?*

**EDWINA:** My two grandmothers. Yet she's not like either one of them too much. But, I used them both. . . many of their ideas and many of their ways of thinking. My grandfather died when I was quite young so I don't remember him too well. But my great-grandfather lived to be 90. And he built me a little playhouse perfect in every detail. And all the kids from the neighborhood used the playhouse. The girls in the neighborhood used the playhouse much more than I. There was a hollow, a ravine, at the end of the street, Shannon's Hollow, we used to play there a lot. We were an Indian tribe so we had a tent up in there for a while. I forget what happened to it. Then we got into wars, you see. . . and there was one new boy who came to town one time who said he could charm snakes. We spent one whole summer looking for a snake for him to charm. But the snakes all disappeared at that time. There wasn't one around. (*Laughter*) So we never did find out. But we would have, I suppose you'd call them little gang wars; we didn't really do anything. It was just being kind of enemies for a while. Like Indians and white people would be, something like that. But I think the nature of the town had something to do with that, because it was an Indian reserve at one time, with this old mission church I was telling you about. And it was right in that vicinity that they burned Colonel Crawford. Well, the Indians burned him at the stake. And my father put on a spectacular re-creation of it at one time, down by the river. And it was quite a success. So they tried it again, but the second time they tried it, which was when I was a child and knew what was going on, the seats were all badly put together and they just crashed, one after the other. Spoiled the whole show afterwards. (*Laughter*) But I remember that part of it.

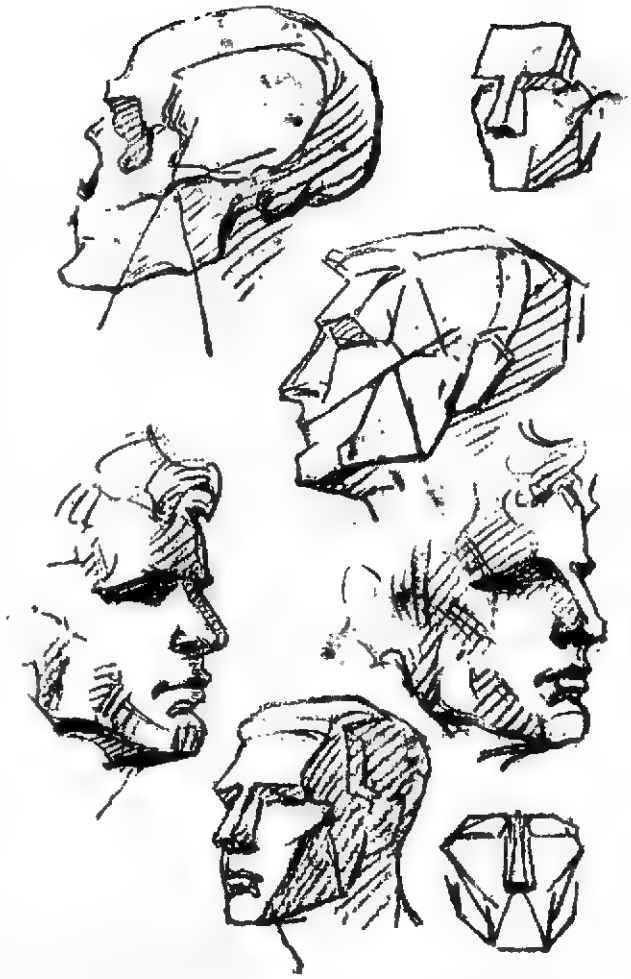
**MARSCHALL:** *Is that when he went into newspaper work instead of the theater?*

**EDWINA:** No, my grandfather had bought the paper years before when he was just 19. And he ran the thing until he got sick. My father came back from the theater at that time to take charge. Myself, I never was particularly interested in the theater until I got to New York, where my best friends were interested in it. My roommate was studying for the opera. Boy, was she good. She had everything. She wrote this play about Tipple.

**MARSCHALL:** *Is this Helen Thomas?*

**EDWINA:** Yes, Helen Thomas. The Theater Guild was going to put it on at that time. But like so many theater things it just fell apart. Josephine Hull was going to play Grandma at that time. She was very anxious to play the part, but she was a lot older than we thought she was. I think she was in her 80s. . . .

But Helen could do anything. She wrote music; she was magnificently talented. In fact, she did the *Barretts of Wimpole Street*; made a musical out of it completely.



**SILENT HEADS—A page from Bridgman's famous anatomy book.**

**BUS SKETCHES—Pages from Edwina's notebooks of memory sketches.**

**JANOCHA:** *I'd like to know a little bit about your lifestyle here in New York. Your work was looked at by Harpo Marx.*
**EDWINA:** Yes, Harpo Marx.
**JANOCHA:** *Did you ever meet with him?*
**EDWINA:** No. I tell you, I never was too bright. Especially about writing letters. I made more mistakes by not writing letters. I was doing so much else . . . . But anyway, I never got in touch with him which I wanted to.
**JANOCHA:** *But you were contacted by Alexander Woollcott and because of Harpo's recommendation, worked on his book?*
**EDWINA:** Yes. He got me to do *Two Gentlemen and a Lady,* to illustrate the book.
**JANOCHA:** *Now you think that King Features saw this work and it helped you do a Sunday page for them?*
**EDWINA:** I think that, at one time, they wanted a dog strip and Mr. Hearst liked mine . . . .
**MARSCHALL:** *Did King approach you to also syndicate the daily strip, or were you just loyal to Adams? Because the GMA service syndicated the dailies, with King doing the Sundays . . . .*
**EDWINA:** Well, they wanted to take the strip, the Sunday page, they weren't so interested in the daily. But I wouldn't leave Adams; he was the one that had done all the work for me. Even though he never paid anything compared to King Features, I wouldn't leave . . . and I didn't.
**MARSCHALL:** *And Adams didn't syndicate any Sunday strips, so I assume they didn't have the facilities for color work and—*
**EDWINA:** No, they didn't have any Sundays as I recall. I was doing the six dailies and the Sunday page at one time, and a small, panel . . . .
**MARSCHALL:** Alec the Great?
**EDWINA:** Yes, my brother wrote that. And then I'd illustrate these books besides. Now, I don't know how I did it. But at that time, apparently, I was able to.
**JANOCHA:** *Now you say you didn't like to wake up early. The standard question: What was your work schedule generally like?*
**EDWINA:** Whenever I was in the mood. You know, I knew I had to get the page out. You do the same thing, I'm sure. Don't you?
**JANOCHA:** *Not to the extent that you do.*
**EDWINA:** Well, I had to get the work done.
**JANOCHA:** *Did you use assistants? Someone to assist you with the art?*
**EDWINA:** I had someone do the backgrounds for awhile, but they got them in the wrong place from time to time. It was easier to do it myself, but I always had someone do the lettering, my lettering was not good enough. It never has been. Pete Wells did it for a long time. He's a wonderful cartoonist with a great style. I can't do straight stuff, if you know what I mean. Like my brother said, when I drew a gun, I forgot to put the . . . thing in.
**MARSCHALL:** *The trigger?*
**EDWINA:** Yes . . . because I was doing a lot of war stuff at that time. And he said none of my guns would have worked. (*Chuckle*) He used to catch us. I'm not very technical. When it comes to that, or drawing automobiles, they all look like old cars that had seen their better days. Did you ever have trouble that way?
**MARSCHALL:** *Sure. (Laughter.) I had it on every front. You had it to the extent it made your work delightful and charming, and cars looked like they were lived in. You didn't have to worry about making them straight and shiny.*
**EDWINA:** I never drew very many of them.
**MARSCHALL:** *In a way that gets to the flavor of the strip. Bill was asking about the feel and the atmosphere of the strip. And to me that's one of the most remarkable things about it, that you were able to create this very comfortable world, I mean comfortable for the readers. When I read it, it was like I wanted to live with that family, and play with the kids. It was so wonderful. And you sustained that for so many years.*

**EDWINA:** Well, that was doing what came naturally.
**MARSCHALL:** *All right. (Chuckle.)*
**EDWINA:** I was familiar with that kind of a life. That's it, more than anything else.
**MARSCHALL:** *Did you have a physical place in mind? Did you think it was Upper Sandusky when you drew* Cap Stubbs*?*
**EDWINA:** . . .that's where it was, of course. It had to be; because we lived in Marion, Ohio, for a year, and it's a funny ting—I was about 11 or 12 at that time, and my best friend at that time—we're still friends. . . .
**MARSCHALL:** *She lives here?*
**EDWINA:** No, back in Ohio. I never saw anyone that had such spirit, such get-up-and-go that she's always had. And I remember when I first met her, she was a grade ahead of me in school. I studied under President Harding's sister; she was a teacher at that time. And I was playing on the playground at noon, and suddenly my friend would come up and give me a whack, and then go off and laugh and laugh, and that's how we got acquainted. (*Chuckle*) And they lived in a house in Marion, one of those way-stations for saving runaway slaves. They had all kinds of places in the house where you could hide people.
**MARSCHALL:** *The Underground Railroad?*
**EDWINA:** Yes, the Underground Railroad. I only lived there that one year, but we've been friends all of these years. One time we sold hat pins in order to get a magic lantern; I think we sold 24 for ten cents a piece. Grandma bought all of them. (*Laughter*) And it was the worst lantern I ever saw! It never did work right. We both had bicycles and we rode all over town. We did some pretty tough things at the time. And that was my childhood.
**JANOCHA:** *Was the strip ever going to be used in other mediums, in films. . .*
**EDWINA:** Cecil B. DeMille's mother had a deal with my father to work on producing a play, but it fell through; there was a falling out. The funny thing is that years later, Cecil B. DeMille himself wanted to use Tippie in a serial, and he bought the property for that purpose.
**JANOCHA:** *Live action?*
**EDWINA:** Yes, he had a star in mind to play the boy, and he came to pick up all the stuff for this series and I got $5,000 I think for it at that time, which was a top price, I was told, then. It isn't a top price any more. And then he went out and sold his business and that was the end of that. You know who else wanted to do it? A wonderful fellow who just died. Joe Oriolo.
**JANOCHA:** *Oh, yes.*
**EDWINA:** He wanted to do it. They almost had the whole thing sold but all of a sudden it fell through.
**JANOCHA:** *This would have been animated?*
**EDWINA:** It would have been animated.
**JANOCHA:** *When was this?*
**EDWINA:** A couple of years ago.
**MARSCHALL:** *I don't know how well they would have transferred what you did in the strip to an animated version.*
**EDWINA:** I think they have a way they can do it now without all that work. . . .
**MARSCHALL:** *If they want to.*
**EDWINA:** Oh, it's very expensive. . . .
**MARSCHALL:** *No, I mean there's a lot about modern animated cartoons where, before you knew it, Tippie might have become an outer-space dog with magic powers. (Laughter)*
**EDWINA:** Oh, well, I wouldn't want that.
**MARSCHALL:** *To me one of the remarkable things about your strip—maybe I have it wrong, but when you're talking about your childhood friends and the romps and everything—that you were a little bit of a tomboy. Maybe you didn't play with dolls too much or something. . .*
**EDWINA:** Right, I didn't.
**MARSCHALL:** *To me it's amazing that you were able to capture the world of boyhood and a friendship with a dog, which is a very special relationship. . . .*
**EDWINA:** I did?

· LIFE ·
MISTRESS ASKED ME THIS MORNING WHAT I HAD TO BE THANKFUL FOR.
NOW, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE MEANT?
I'LL JUST RUN DOWN TO THE DUCK POND AND THINK IT OVER.
I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIND AN ANSWER——
SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE.
HULLY GEE! I'VE GOT IT!
SAY! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
IT'S PERFECTLY CLEAR NOW.
WHY, MISSY, I'M THANKFUL I'M NOTHING BUT A DOG!
A Simple Philosophy

**INSPIRATION—A dog cartoon by Robert L. Dickey (1926), whose work was studied by Edwina.**

**MARSCHALL:** *Oh, yes. Magically.*
**EDWINA:** It seemed just natural.
**MARSCHALL:** *Just natural. It was, and that's the beautiful thing about it.*
**EDWINA:** I was a tomboy if that's what you mean. It's like this little playhouse I had. I bought a pair of stilts and I fell and broke one of the windows. That's the nearest I came to using this playhouse, though all the girls made a nice thing out of it. We wanted to join a circus, all of us did. And when the circus came to town we'd go and see them put up the tents and this, that, and the other. And it was very exciting and fascinating. *That* was the kind of life that I was interested in.
**MARSCHALL:** *I've got to believe that New York in the '20s was something like a circus too. Were you part of the speakeasy scene or the Algonquin Round Table or anything like that?*
**EDWINA:** No, not particularly. We were in the speakeasies from time to time, yes, but I mean I wasn't part of that at all. I never fit anywhere too well. But the speakeasies were very interesting. I remember one night Frank Jay Markey took me all around, to the different places, and there was one in the mid-50s somewhere—it was very nice. And we went around the whole evening, to the different ones. And also one time he took me to a place over here for cocktails. On 58th Street. The next day somebody was murdered there, some big man. I've forgotten who it was. But when you went in, they all had bulges in their hip pockets; they were all sitting around the tables. Then when Carrie Jacobs Bond came . . . Do you remember Carrie?
**MARSCHALL:** *No.*
**EDWINA:** She wrote *The End of a Perfect Day*. She was a most popular person at that time. And we took her to a speakeasy for dinner. Down in the 40s somewhere. And she wouldn't drink, but she wanted the cherries out of our old-fashioneds. Next time we took her, we got her some extra cherries. But she took us then over to hear Kate Smith. Kate was going to sing her song. And Kate Smith at that time knew exactly what she wanted. I wish you could have seen the businesslike way she went out there and

Back in 1937 Johnstone and Cushing, the Comic Ad service, had the misfortune to lose several big accounts and also for this reason me. It happened that Edwina was in need of someone to letter *Cap Stubbs* and a daily feature written by her brother Bob called *Alec the Great* which she illustrated. Through an Ohio-born interior decorator friend who decorated yachts designed by my Ohio-born old man, Ohio-born Edwina got ahold of Ohio-born P. Wells.

My lettering experience was non-existent, but I was hungry and Edwina was tolerant. A cartoonist friend, Ray McGill, gave me some good, fast advice which helped me land the job.

Edwina might be described as a rather shy tomboy. She grew up in the small Ohio town of Upper Sandusky. It was an interesting place to grow up in: full of dogs and a rather unusual collection of eccentric characters. This environment supplied plenty of good material for the strip and the later drawings in *Life*. Her dad had written and acted in his own Broadway play before going back to Ohio to run the local newspaper. From him she probably learned the business of putting ideas together—which helps in this business.

Listening to Edwina talk was a continuing and hilarious bonus on the lettering job. Conversationally no holds were barred. Local politics, the international situation, the obscenely inflated prices of penny candy, the odd doings of movie stars and other weighty problems were discussed and settled while we worked.

Her views on the subject of advertising were—and are—refreshing. Back in the thirties a big advertising agency wanted Edwina to draw ads for a national dog-food account. When the agency started to suggest changes which involved her ideas of proper canine psychology, she called an abrupt halt to her advertising career. Her thoughts on advertising copy writers and account executives are worth hearing.

Edwina was always urging me to apply myself to something besides my many unprofitable hobbies. A result of this was three children's books, one of which supported my wife and kids during WWII while I was defeating the enemy. Bud Sagendorf at King Features was nice enough to take on my lettering while I was away. Edwina mailed the strips to him. I've often wondered how it would have worked if those two agile conversationists had tried to work in the same studio together. Recorded on tape it'd have been worth millions.

Speaking of the war, when that mess started Edwina wanted to offer her typing skills to the armed services to help the war effort. Some time back she'd taken a course on running a typewriter and fondly believed that she'd mastered the subject. She typed out the scripts for the strips and kept them in a 5" x 7" looseleaf notebook. As her lettering man, I regarded these "typed" pages with all their interlining, pencilled notes and over-use of the letter 'x' as a challenge to my abilities of decoding, deciphering and receiving messages from the spirit world. She still fancies herself as a typist and if she ever reads this I'm in for trouble.

This could go on and on. Just thinking about Edwina is a pleasure and working with her was a lot of fun. Whenever we meet these days I come home feeling fine. I wish there were more people like her—she's a dandy! *—Peter Wells*

I tried hard to copy Edwina Dumm's drawing style, but I never caught that touch. Like most everyone, I was surprised to learn that "Edwina" was a woman. The very few female cartoonists of my student days drew in fluffy-ruffles styles, while Cap Stubbs and his world were a mirror of my own life in Hillsboro, Ohio. I owe our great lady a very solid debt.

*—Milton Caniff*

Edwina Dumm created one of the most delightful strips about a boy—with a rare insight into his relationship with his grandmother, an unforgettable character, and Tippie surely one of the most engaging dogs in the comics.

*Cap Stubbs and Tippie* is a case of art imitating life. The life is that of Edwina, whose personality permeates this classic strip. Her warmth, humor, and inexhaustible enthusiasm for life and art is combined with a blend of worldliness and naivete that speaks of another age, yet reflects values that are eternal.

To be with Edwina for only a few minutes is to reaffirm one's faith in man and womankind's essential humanity.

*—Jerry Robinson*

"MARMADUKE! I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP TO WRITE CONGRATULATIONS TO "NEMO" AND EDWINA DUMM!"

told them exactly how she wanted the song, and so forth. It was very interesting. And another time it was Grace Moore that she took us to see. Carrie got everything connected with that song of hers, *End of a Perfect Day*. She was a character. A real character. Very interesting. I did a *Sinbad* drawing, and I used the *End of a Perfect Day* title because it fit the idea.

**MARSCHALL:** *Did you get in through Woolcott, ever get into the Round Table group or ever try to crack the* New Yorker *through him?*

**EDWINA:** Not really.

**JANOCHA:** *Did you meet with him regularly—I mean Woolcott. What was your contact with him?*

**EDWINA:** He asked me to come over, and I went over. And when he saw me he said, "Well, this is how you look." (*Laughter*) But he was pretty nice. He liked my stuff. It was interesting. But, no, I've never had that sense of publicity at all. Never knew how to manage it.

**MARSCHALL:** *I've asked you about the* New Yorker, *the* Life *magazine crew: When you drew for* Life *it was the golden age of that magazine, with Sherwood and Benchley. . . .*

**EDWINA:** Yes, it was. . . .

**MARSCHALL:** *Did you deliver your drawings down there?*

**EDWINA:** Yes.

**MARSCHALL:** *Can you tell us about some of those people? Gluyas Williams or Benchley?*

**EDWINA:** Williams was the one that told me about *Sinbad* appearing in the *London Tatler*. Let's see . . . Benchley; E. Simms Campbell, a black cartoonist . . . I think he died recently.

**MARSCHALL:** *Yes.*

**EDWINA:** But he couldn't take it any longer over here. He went over to live in France. It might have been Switzerland, I believe. A very nice person. Who were some of the others? Well, you know at that time you're more interested in what *you're* doing than anybody else. So I don't recall them all.

**MARSCHALL:** *Did you ever meet Charles Dana Gibson? He owned the magazine at that point.*

**EDWINA:** I don't remember if I did or not.

**MARSCHALL:** *I've got some of your* Sinbads *here.*

**EDWINA:** Oh, good for you. That's more than I have. Where did you get them?

**MARSCHALL:** *I have a complete run of* Life *magazine.*

**EDWINA:** You do? My word.

**MARSCHALL:** *What can you tell us about the contest to name your little dog character? Do you remember who won it or how many entries they got in the contest?*

**EDWINA:** I don't remember anything about it except . . . the name *Sinbad*.

**MARSCHALL:** *And when you started selling* Life *was it just A Dog with No Name, just a weekly little strip?*

**EDWINA:** I just took about two strips in . . . They used little cartoons and then full-page strips after a while.

**MARSCHALL:** *Do you remember the poem? The* Sinbad *poem?*

**JANOCHA:** *Well, we'll quote it:*

*Sinbad was in bad from Trinidad to Rome.*
*And Edwina's dog's in bad wherever he may roam.*

**MARSCHALL:** *It's a pretty awful poem.*

**EDWINA:** Not too hot, is it? (*Laughter*)

**JANOCHA:** *Nice art though.*

**EDWINA:** Well, you've got a better record of what I've done than I have.

**MARSCHALL:** *And I found out that* Life *magazine was bragging about you, too. They had a coupon ad to subscribe to the magazine, saying one of their chief features is the Edwina* Sinbad *cartoon.*

**EDWINA:** Oh, really? That's funny, I never dreamed that the dog would become so popular that way. But it's like in advertising. A dog and a cat can win everybody over.

**MARSCHALL:** *Yes. You kind of eclipsed—I'm sure you wouldn't agree with my using that language—but before you, Bob Dickey and Carlisle and people like that did their dogs, but you really became the animal artist on* Life.

**EDWINA:** Well, they weren't doing animal cartoons at that time. . . .

**MARSCHALL:** *Dickey was doing strips I think, then.*

**EDWINA:** Was he?

**MARSCHALL:** Mr. and Mrs. Beans, *a newspaper strip.*

**JANOCHA:** *And there was a premium at that time, a ceramic Sinbad.*

**EDWINA:** Oh, yes. That was made out in East Liverpool, Ohio. Helen Thomas's people had a pottery factory that did things like this. And they made them all out there. And they used them, I don't know what for. I've got a couple of them. You know, you lose a lot of those things.

**JANOCHA:** *You started the Sunday page for King Features when* Sinbad *ended at* Life. *Did you enjoy working at King?*

**EDWINA:** Well, it was very nice, but I never had much contact, if that's what you mean. I remember I went over there one time to see somebody, and I took the dog with me. And all the girls in the office were making a big fuss over the dog.

**MARSCHALL:** *Was Jaspurr the Cat, your own pet, a character in the strip?*

**EDWINA:** Yes. Jaspurr was in it all the time, toward the end anyway. And then I had one called Darling Girl, when Jaspurr died. And then I had one called Hello Dolly. And Hello Dolly died after a little bit over a year. She had a congenital heart condition, which nothing could be done for. She had been abandoned downstairs in the checking room of our building. And so a friend said, if you take it up tonight, I'll take it up to Darien tomorrow and find a home for it. And I kept it overnight. . . .

**MARSCHALL:** *It was a long overnight, huh?*

**EDWINA:** Yeah. The cat looked at you like, "You're not going to send me away." And the cat was expecting kittens then. So my friend had to take the cat up to the Darien hospital anyway, and they put her in the maternity ward; she had five kittens. When someone would help me with the books on the table over here, the cat always came in and sat supervising. We called her the chairman of the board. And she always took charge of everything.

**MARSCHALL:** *Cats have a way of doing this.*

**DIFFERENT DOGS—Edwina illustrated *Two Gentlemen and a Lady*, by Alexander Woollcott in 1928. The book chronicled the adventures of three dogs—two male and one female.**

Collection of Rick Marschall

Tippie
by
EDWINA
WELL, SALLY WILL NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN! I WAS TOO HASTY! AND WHAT A QUICK TEMPER SHE HAS!
NO! YOU CAN'T COME IN!! IT'S YOUR FAULT, ANYWAY! ALL I DID WAS ASK HER TO KEEP YOU AT HOME!! WAS THAT TOO MUCH?! GO 'WAY!
OH, WELL COME IN! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? I'M A POOR, OLD MAN—
-TEAR UP TH' FURNITURE! WHO CARES?---I WONDER IF SHE BAKED COOKIES TODAY?
-OR CAKE!
HERE, NOW! NO KISSING!
WHAT! GO WALKING ON A DAY LIKE THIS? CERTAINLY NOT!--BUT YOU CAN GO!
SLAM
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUIET IF YOU COME IN!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO!
--THAT DRATTED DOG!
OH, MR. BUDGE! I SAW YOU FROM TH' WINDOW-
AH, SALLY! WHAT IS FINER THAN A REAL FRIEND? NICE DOGGIE!

**SUNDAYS ARE DOG DAYS—King Features distributed Edwina's Sunday page for the Adams Service. This page is from January 12, 1941.**

**EDWINA:** Yes. And she looked like she knew more than we did. I'm sure she must have. She knew more than I did, anyway! (*Laughter*)

**JANOCHA:** *So when you were here in New York you didn't do any political cartoons any more?*

**EDWINA:** No, just the strip. I only did the daily political cartoons out in Ohio because I happened to be on the paper and they started using cartoons. The owners of one of the big papers, the Dayton *Journal*, came and was interested in having me come over there. But when I had the chance, something else had happened, so I didn't intend to go anyway. No one would have kept me away from New York at that time. I could hardly wait to get here.

**JANOCHA:** *Tell us a little about your residence in New Caanan. Did you summer up there and work on your strip . . .*

**EDWINA:** Well, I got tuberculosis at one time, and that's when we decided to get a place up in Connecticut. So my brother and my cousin went out to find this place above six miles from New Canaan. And I stayed in bed for about a year and did my work all the time, which kept me alive, I'm sure, because if I had nothing to think about but TB, I would have finished myself off in a short time. But I had to do that every day, the strip. But it saved my life. It worked. because if you get your mind on something like that it can kill you. But if you're working, it's something to distract you. It helps considerably. Remember that if you ever get sick.

**MARSCHALL:** *You summered then, from then on, in Connecticut. You had two residences?*

**EDWINA:** Yes. I moved back to New York when the war began to heat up. We were expecting air raids and all that during the Second World War.

**JANOCHA:** *I just finished reading a book about Jimmy Swinnerton, and apparently he had TB also. And to save him, the syndicate sent him out to Arizona and he fell in love with it out there. But, he had to rest up from TB also.*

**EDWINA:** Well, it was easy to get; all you had to do was not eat the right foods, overdo it or get yourself all worked up about things. But anyway, that's passed, thank God.

**JANOCHA:** *About when was that, do you know?*

**EDWINA:** I was about in my early twenties. I hadn't been doing the strip too long.

**MARSCHALL:** *The strip, of course, on Sundays was humorous. It was a gag.*

**EDWINA:** Oh, yes . . . .

**MARSCHALL:** *And a lot of dailies I've seen through the years were gags. But wasn't it a continuity strip for awhile . . . did you have—not cliff-hangers—but continuing stories in* Cap Stubbs?

**EDWINA:** Oh, yes, I did have it. It became popular at one time to have stories. So, yes, I had stories.

**MARSCHALL:** *How were they fashioned? Would Cap Stubbs have adventures? Would there be melodramas?*

**EDWINA:** No. Well, some of them would be, but it was always told from a humorous viewpoint. It could be based on most anything. Grandma's character came in that way.

**JANOCHA:** *Is there anything particularly interesting that you can tell us about the characters in the strip—were they fashioned after particular people? Mr. Budge . . . or what was the girl's name that was Cap's friend? Were these also childhood friends or neighbors or family members?*

**EDWINA:** Well, they probably were, I probably used their characters, but I didn't have any specific people in mind. Mr. Budge was suggested by Mr. Hearst himself, although I never met him.

**JANOCHA:** *Did you experiment with new characters, bring different people in the strip? What kind of mail did you get? Did you ever take other people's opinions?*

**EDWINA:** I took one idea one time from them. A man wrote a letter to me at the time and he told me to use his idea if I wanted it. It was about a lemonade stand, and the kids were selling it for so much a glass, except this one that was cheaper. And they

**FLYING FUR—A previously unpublished sample of purr-jected features, *Mr. Whiskers*, ca. 1965, and (right) *Mr. Socrates*, ca. 1970.**

MISTER SOCRATES SAYS--
NO CODFISH TONIGHT!! DON'T BE MISLED BY POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE!! A PRINCIPLE IS INVOLVED!
IT ISN'T EVERY CAT WHO CAN EAT HIS DINNER ON THE WALL STREET JOURNAL!!
CAT
EDWINA

wanted to find out why it was cheaper. Because the pup had fallen in it! (*Laughter*) And so I used that.

**MARSCHALL:** *You have said that Grandma was one of your chief characters. It was almost as if the parents were superfluous, or at least the mother was. She didn't come in the strip too much. I think the father did.*

**EDWINA:** The father did, yes.

**MARSCHALL:** *You never had him in his office setting. It really was Cap Stubbs's world—the backyards, and running around the streets and the lots.*

**JANOCHA:** *Did you ever use photographs of live models for your strip, or did it just naturally come to you?*

**EDWINA:** Well, you knew the character and the action, I was told that you have to do all that action yourself. In order to get it convincing. And I didn't realize that but I know that's true because sometimes I have trouble with action now, because *I* can't do that kind of action any more.

**JANOCHA:** *So, did you pose in front of a mirror, or. . .*

**EDWINA:** No, you don't. . .You *feel* it. You have to feel it, you know. . .

**JANOCHA:** *That's interesting, because Howard Pyle prescribed that method to his students. He was a major groundbreaker in illustration at the turn of the century.*

**EDWINA:** My father wanted me to study with him so badly and I never had the chance.

**JANOCHA:** *He lived down in Wilmington, Delaware, where I'm from. . .*

**EDWINA:** Oh, he was great. In fact, he started that whole school with N.C. Wyeth. They all studied under him. But, in action you feel it yourself. I didn't realize it at the time, but when you draw a man running, you're running too. And a friend of ours who is a psychiatrist said, "she gets all her exercise through her drawing!" But if you're trying to make a picture of somebody running fast, it it's convincing you're doing it at the same time.

**JANOCHA:** *Do you read any strips today?*

**EDWINA:** Not very often.

**JANOCHA:** *How about when you were working on the strip? You talked about the strips you first loved as a kid. Now what strips did you read during the years you were working on the strip?*

**EDWINA:** I didn't read very many. I didn't want to be influenced, for one thing, which is very easy. But I don't remember looking at too many. . .except for when I was a kid. Then I saw them all.

**JANOCHA:** *Did you keep up a good friendship with any of the New York area cartoonists or other people at King Features. . .*

**EDWINA:** Well, I never got too well acquainted with most of them. But Pete Wells, of course, you know him. And that sure kept up for a long time. . .a grand guy.

**MARSCHALL:** *And you scripted, pencilled and inked the strip? Everything but the lettering?*

**EDWINA:** Yes. I finally found those blue pencils which you didn't have to erase. It would save you a lot of trouble.

**MARSCHALL:** *Animators use them.*

**EDWINA:** Oh, do they?

**JANOCHA:** *I understand you hand-colored some of your Sundays before they put a stop to it.*

EDWINA
SLAM
2-15
DO YOU HAVE TO SLAM TH' DOOR EV'RY TIME YOU COME IN?!? I THOUGHT TH' WHOLE HOUSE WAS COMIN' DOWN!
Collection of Rick Marschall

**THE TEAM— Tippie, with Jaspurr, the cat, and Cap Stubbs with Grandma.**

**EDWINA:** I only colored one. And that was a mistake. (*Laughter*) They had to erase them and do something, I don't know. That was the last I ever did. I thought you had to. I didn't know. But you don't. You don't even indicate colors. They do what they want to do.

**JANOCHA:** *Did you see your style changing over the years?*

**EDWINA:** I saw some change. And I wondered why I'd done it so badly before. See, this is the way I do it now, but a lot of it was done awkwardly before. . . .

**MARSCHALL:** *(Laughter) Not to my eyes. It's been charming from the start.*

**EDWINA:** I'm glad you like it. . . .

**MARSCHALL:** *Edwina, I don't know if you'd commit it to tape, but do you have opinions—there are many cartoonists who specialized in dog and cat characters, but they would approach it differently than you. Do you have opinions on the Disneys and Schulzes and Eric Gurneys?*

**EDWINA:** They're very different but very excellent. Unusually good. They have a highly different conception of a dog. I mean they're not really dogs, half of them. They're figments of the imagination, as much as anything. Don't you think?

**MARSCHALL:** *Yes.*

**EDWINA:** Disney used all the old, old characters from ancient times. I mean for children . . . fairy tales of the past. Mother Goose, that sort of thing. He did that sort of thing beautifully.

**JANOCHA:** *How long did you work on the strip? When did the strip stop running? And how did that come about?*

**EDWINA:** The last week of it I thought I'd never get finished. It was about 20 years ago [1966] that I stopped. That's a long time. I'm surprised anybody remembers it now.

**MARSCHALL:** *Was it your decision?*

**EDWINA:** It was mine. I couldn't do it any more. I'd reached the limit. I hated to stop because it was the finish of something I'd like to have seen go on. But you can't do it forever.

**MARSCHALL:** *By your comments you obviously keep up with the news and you observe the world and observe life. . . .*

**EDWINA:** I still observe some of the absurdities.

**MARSCHALL:** *Absurdities, and how things have changed. Do you think that* Cap Stubbs and Tippie, *the strip as you drew it and the world that you drew in the strip, do you think that would go in papers today?*

**EDWINA:** I don't know. I'm surprised it went as long as it did. I don't know. What do you think?

**MARSCHALL:** *I'm tempted to think the world has changed. It's more cynical and it moves too fast for small-town. . . .*

**EDWINA:** It's more cynical. There's no question about that. It's a different world. . . . We've got to change. I don't understand why they can't get rid of this dope idea. But they never do anything to these people. They catch them and let them go on to perfect their art. That's about all.

**JANOCHA:** *As the decades went by and the times changed, did you ever feel like commenting on anything? You were so active in your political comments. Did you ever feel like making any kind of statements?*

**EDWINA:** No. It's too difficult when the times are so absurd; it's hard to understand them even. I don't know what you can do about it, though. All I think is that if they were a little more strict with what they're doing, and didn't let people get away with all these things, there might be a chance of changing it back somehow. But as long as they're going to reward them for doing it—Look, they had a bunch of the gang people, gang warfare, they got them where they want them. What do they do? Eventually they let them go back to what they'd been doing, yet they've been nothing but a destructive force. I don't understand why. Unless they're getting something or scared of them. They may be afraid of them. But this country didn't become great by

**Edwina today.**

people being frightened the whole time. I'm optimistic about the future. We will overcome. It has to go back.

**JANOCHA:** *On one visit we talked a lot about your family. I mean your strip seems to have a premise about how important the family structure is and. . . .*

**EDWINA:** I think family structure is important. I think that's what's wrong today. So many divorces. The children don't know where they stand. I think it's cruel. Cruel to children, certainly. How would you like if if your parents had walked out on each other? They walk out on *you* at the same time. That's what it amounts to. I have a friend that's divorced, and her children—they don't know where they stand. But if you have that background that you know no matter if your father drinks or your mother doesn't have dinner on hand at times, they stay together—they're a family. They're a union. It seems to me that that's very important. It would be to *me*.

**JANOCHA:** *Now, I'm interested to know how important was your own family. You just had one brother. . . Correct?*

**EDWINA:** Yes, I had a sister but she died very young. My mother loved the theater, but only from the audience. When the curtain went up, she was satisfied. After my father died, I brought her to New York; she later looked after me when I had TB in New Canaan.

**JANOCHA:** *Did your brother remain out in Ohio?*

**EDWINA:** He died a couple of years ago.

**MARSCHALL:** *Robert Dennis. That was his name?*

**EDWINA:** Robert Dennis Dumm. He was a heavy smoker, and he died of lung cancer and emphysema. I've often wondered why people get into such a mess. Now they're on drugs, which is worse. Did you know that years ago at my little town, there were about, maybe two or three town drunks? You know, there always are in a town. Everybody was horrified of the town drunks. And my father knew 13 dope addicts in the town at that time.

**MARSCHALL:** *Really?*

**EDWINA:** But you see, the doctors would recommend it at that time. But I remember my grandmother told this story about this neighbor of ours who was not only on dope but liquor too. And he died of it in a very short time—the combination is fatal, most of the time. But wouldn't you think you'd be afraid of those things? They don't seem to be.

**JANOCHA:** *Well, when you're young I guess you feel that you don't think about the ends. You think you have a strong body and a will, willing to experiment and you just go with that. You just don't think about it. You're running too fast. No time to sit and think about what you're doing. And then, of course, peer pressure. You know, if everyone else is doing it, and you just feel like you have to. . . .*

**EDWINA:** That's it. At one time it was a status symbol.

**MARSCHALL:** *You know, I think there's also a thrill factor and a challenge that we all seem to need, and America's made itself into the type of community where everything is given to us already, and some of these poor kids, I think the only thrill left to them is something illegal or immoral. . . .*

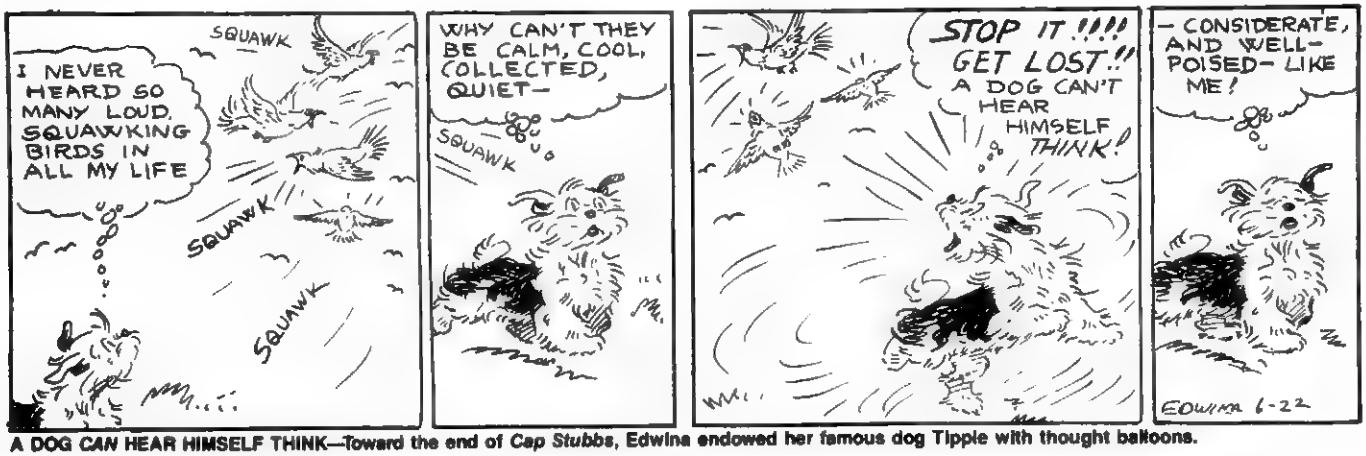
**EDWINA:** My mother and I tried our best to keep Bob from smoking. He smoked before he got up in the morning. He was a terrible smoker.

**MARSCHALL:** *Will you tell us something about his professional life? Now, he did the verses in your* Alec the Great—

**EDWINA:** Well, he was a reporter on the *Columbus Dispatch* at one time. And he also worked on one of those house organs out of Akron.

**JANOCHA:** *Did he stay in Ohio?*

**EDWINA:** He didn't come out here in New York till later. He stayed out there for his work awhile. Then he came to New York and was art editor of *Farm and Fireside*.


I NEVER HEARD SO MANY LOUD, SQUAWKING BIRDS IN ALL MY LIFE
SQUAWK
SQUAWK
SQUAWK
WHY CAN'T THEY BE CALM, COOL, COLLECTED, QUIET—
SQUAWK
STOP IT !!!! GET LOST !! A DOG CAN'T HEAR HIMSELF THINK!
— CONSIDERATE, AND WELL-POISED— LIKE ME!
EDWINA 6-22

**A DOG *CAN* HEAR HIMSELF THINK—Toward the end of *Cap Stubbs*, Edwina endowed her famous dog Tippie with thought balloons.**

**JANOCHA:** *You stayed single through the years?*

**EDWINA:** Yes. Somebody was lucky never to have been with me. I couldn't keep a house, I couldn't cook a meal, I can't do any of the things that women are supposed to do. I never was interested. And it bores me. Bores me to death.

**JANOCHA:** *You're a pioneer more than so many other women are.*

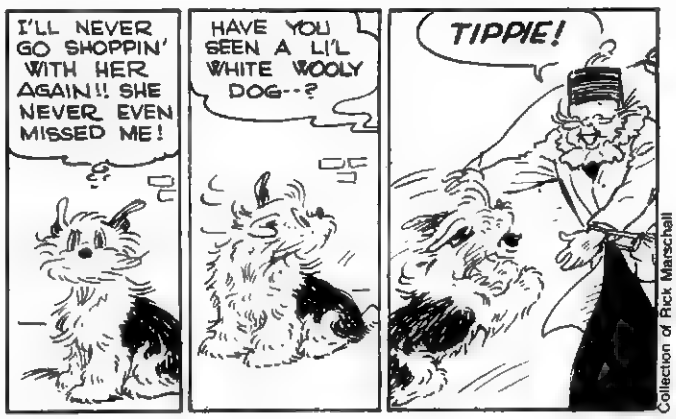
**EDWINA:** I only did what came naturally. I didn't force that issue. It was just the natural thing to do.

**MARSCHALL:** *That last sentence is a great title for the whole interview: "I only did what came naturally." It's a very modest attitude, but. . . .*

**EDWINA:** Well, it's true. That's what I wanted to do, that's what I did easiest. It was the simplest thing to do. And I didn't like jobs where you had to stay a certain length of time.

**JANOCHA:** *I guess this is kind of a standard question—pardon that—but do you have any advice for someone if they were starting out now?*

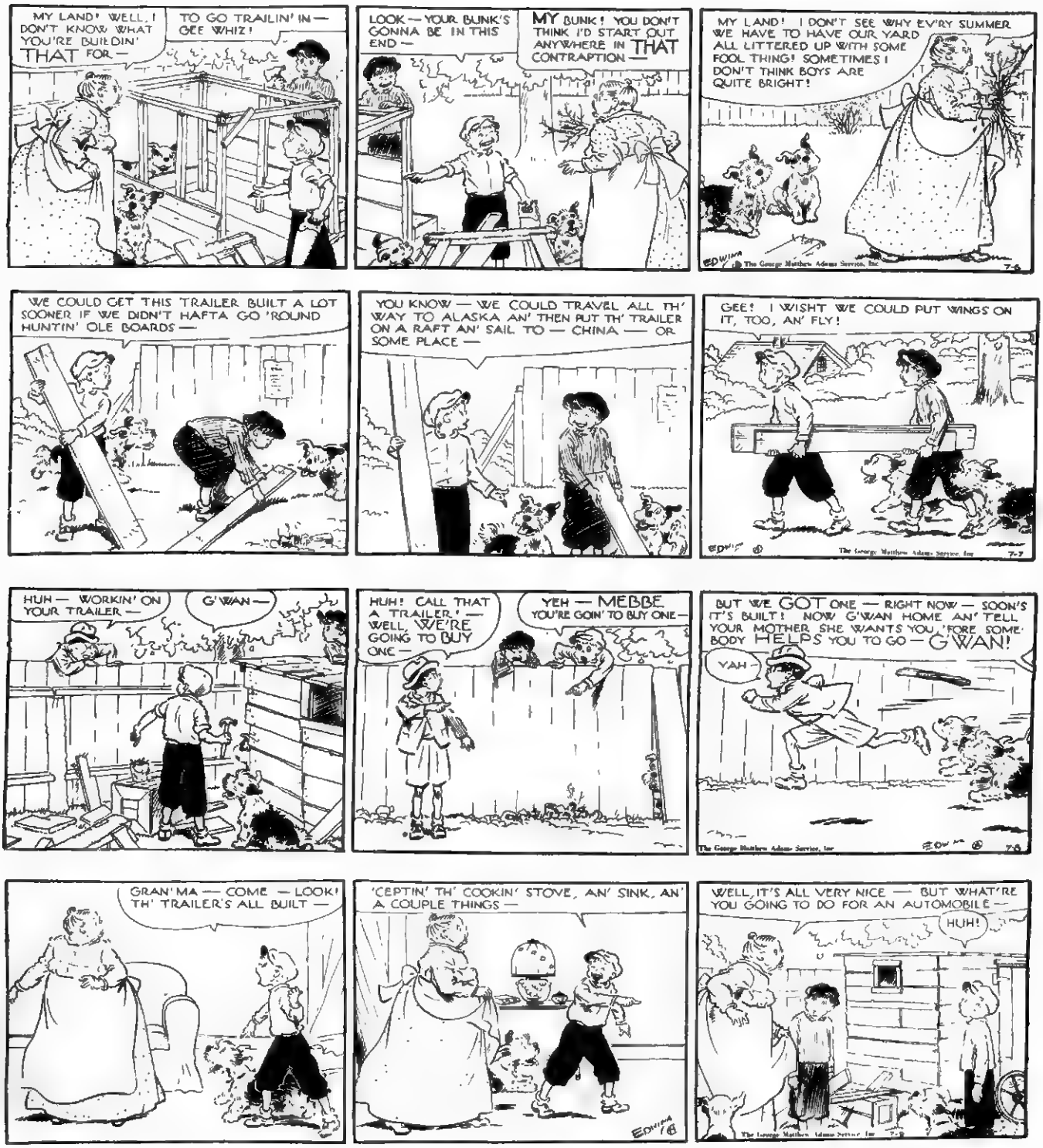
**EDWINA:** I followed my instincts, that's all. That's about all anybody can do. And *stick with it*. The most unfortunate people are the ones that have a lot of talent and they don't know which one to settle on. They usually end up without settling on any of them, and that's unfortunate, because you waste a lot of talent that way. Real talent. But I don't believe in following anybody else's advice. You have to know yourself what you're trying to do, otherwise you're going to be a copyist. So, follow the yellow brick road. That's about all.

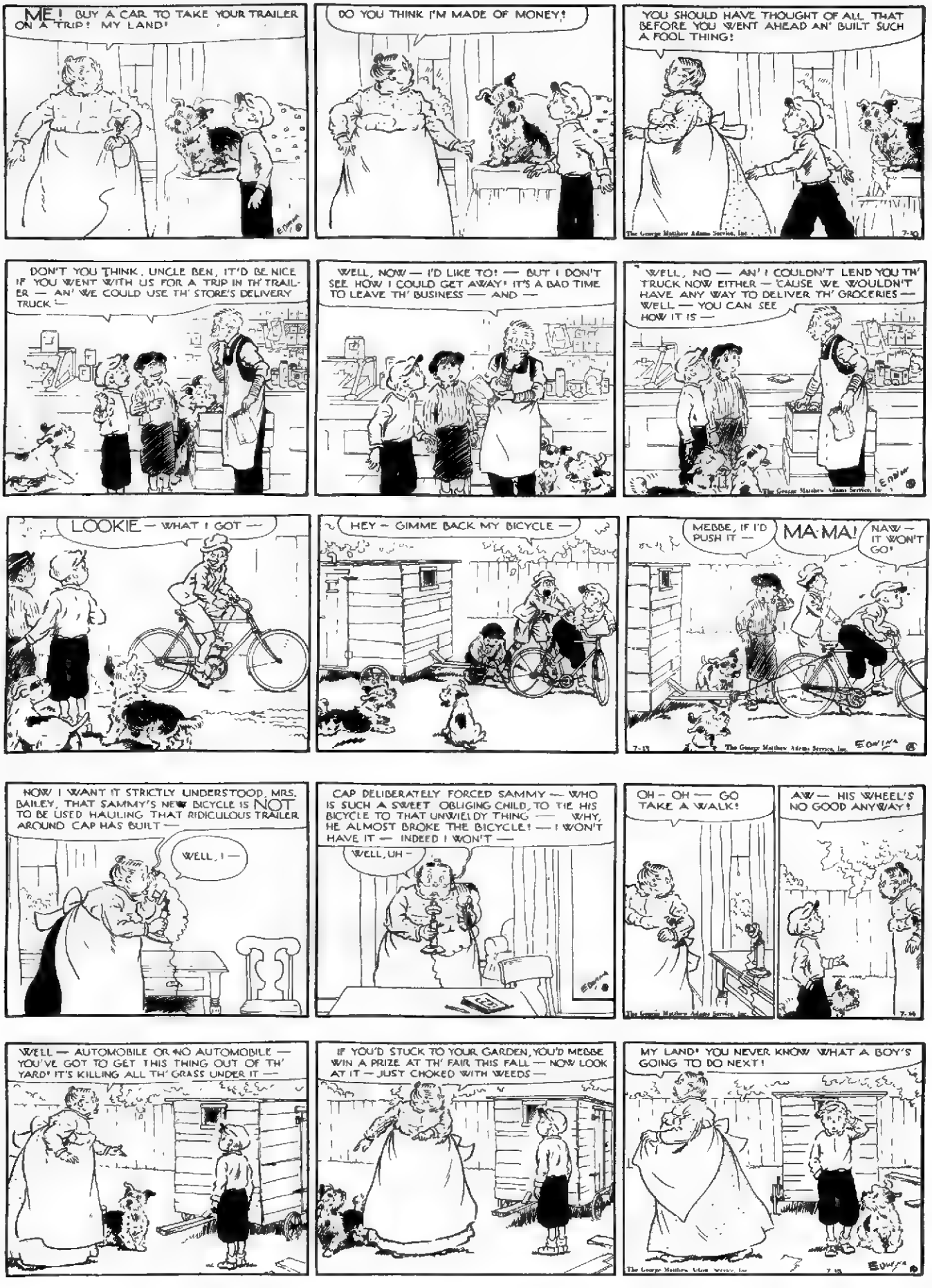


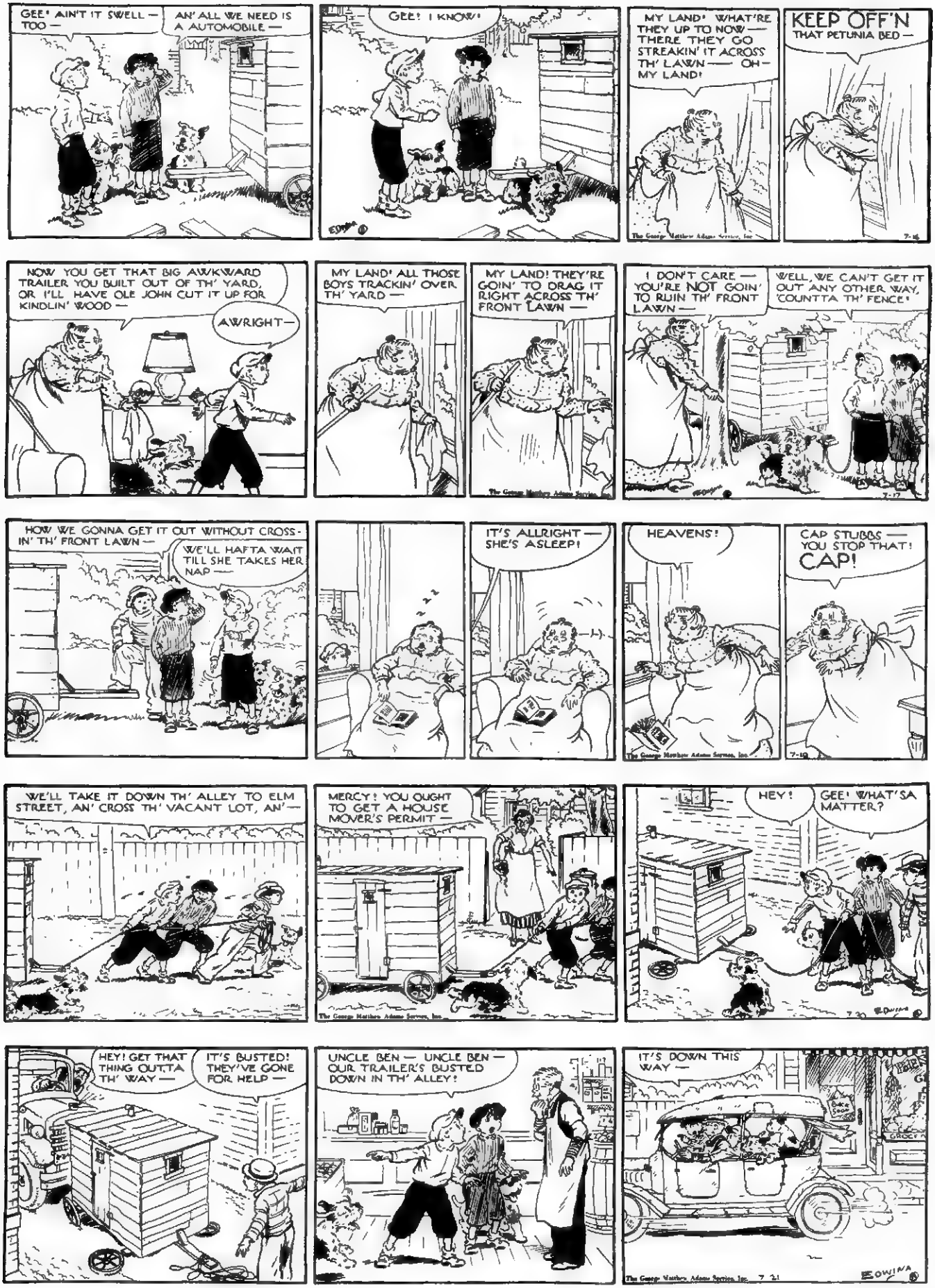

Collection of Rick Marschall

# "Cap" Stubbs and Tippie

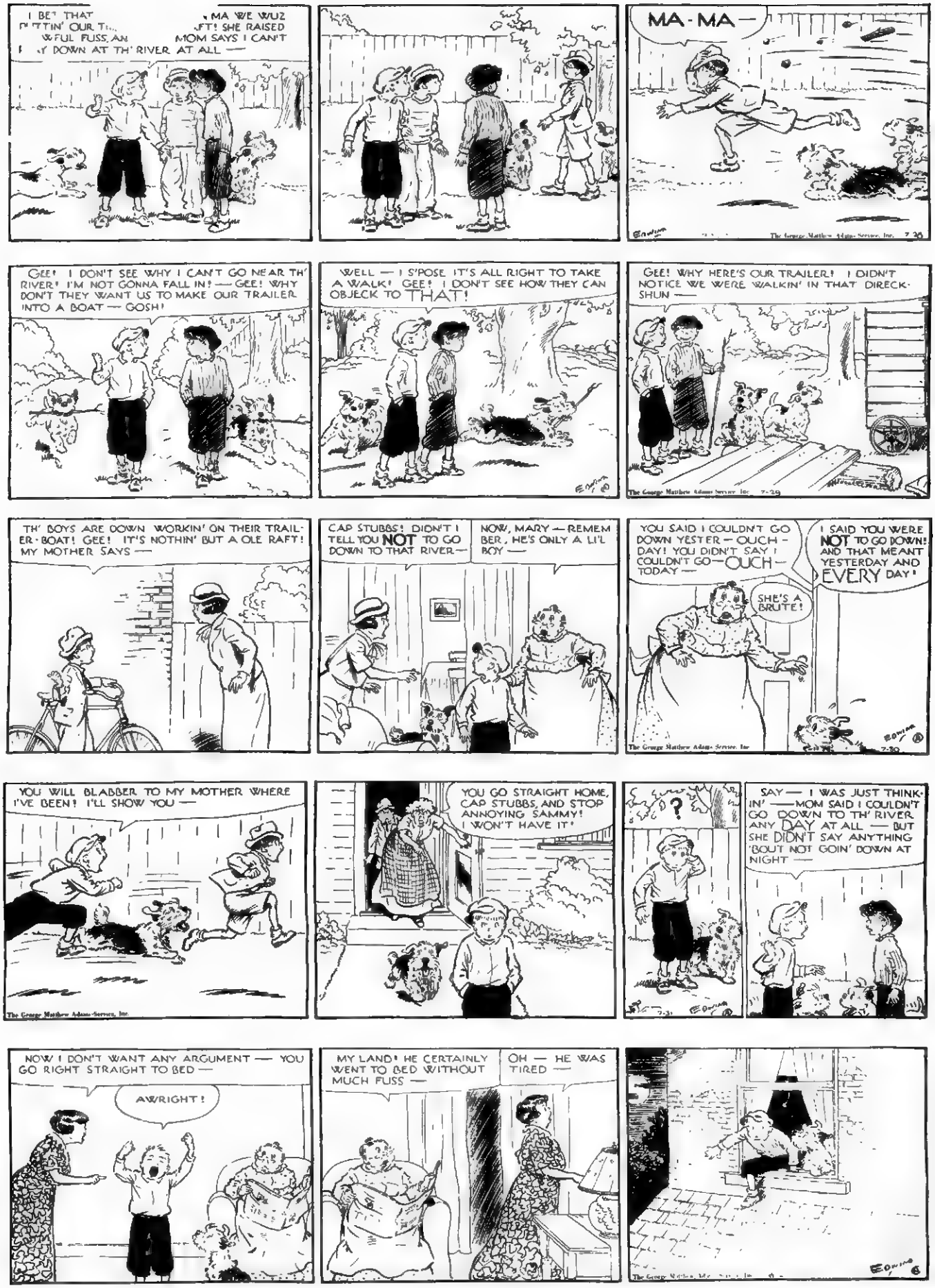
## A complete episode by Edwina
## July 6 – August 30, 1937


MY LAND! WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE BUILDIN' THAT FOR —
TO GO TRAILIN' IN — GEE WHIZ!
LOOK — YOUR BUNK'S GONNA BE IN THIS END —
MY BUNK! YOU DON'T THINK I'D START OUT ANYWHERE IN THAT CONTRAPTION —
MY LAND! I DON'T SEE WHY EV'RY SUMMER WE HAVE TO HAVE OUR YARD ALL LITTERED UP WITH SOME FOOL THING! SOMETIMES I DON'T THINK BOYS ARE QUITE BRIGHT!
WE COULD GET THIS TRAILER BUILT A LOT SOONER IF WE DIDN'T HAFTA GO 'ROUND HUNTIN' OLE BOARDS —
YOU KNOW — WE COULD TRAVEL ALL TH' WAY TO ALASKA AN' THEN PUT TH' TRAILER ON A RAFT AN' SAIL TO — CHINA — OR SOME PLACE —
GEE! I WISHT WE COULD PUT WINGS ON IT, TOO, AN' FLY!
HUH — WORKIN' ON YOUR TRAILER —
G'WAN —
HUH! CALL THAT A TRAILER! — WELL, WE'RE GOING TO BUY ONE —
YEH — MEBBE YOU'RE GOIN' TO BUY ONE —
BUT WE GOT ONE — RIGHT NOW — SOON'S IT'S BUILT! NOW G'WAN HOME AN' TELL YOUR MOTHER SHE WANTS YOU 'FORE SOME-BODY HELPS YOU TO GO — G'WAN!
YAH
GRAN'MA — COME — LOOK! TH' TRAILER'S ALL BUILT —
'CEPTIN' TH' COOKIN' STOVE, AN' SINK, AN' A COUPLE THINGS —
WELL, IT'S ALL VERY NICE — BUT WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO FOR AN AUTOMOBILE —
HUH!


ME! BUY A CAR TO TAKE YOUR TRAILER ON A TRIP! MY LAND!
DO YOU THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY!
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF ALL THAT BEFORE YOU WENT AHEAD AN' BUILT SUCH A FOOL THING!
DON'T YOU THINK, UNCLE BEN, IT'D BE NICE IF YOU WENT WITH US FOR A TRIP IN TH' TRAILER — AN' WE COULD USE TH' STORE'S DELIVERY TRUCK —
WELL, NOW — I'D LIKE TO! — BUT I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD GET AWAY! IT'S A BAD TIME TO LEAVE TH' BUSINESS — AND —
WELL, NO — AN' I COULDN'T LEND YOU TH' TRUCK NOW EITHER — 'CAUSE WE WOULDN'T HAVE ANY WAY TO DELIVER TH' GROCERIES — WELL — YOU CAN SEE HOW IT IS —
LOOKIE — WHAT I GOT —
HEY — GIMME BACK MY BICYCLE —
MEBBE, IF I'D PUSH IT —
MA-MA!
NAW — IT WON'T GO!
NOW I WANT IT STRICTLY UNDERSTOOD, MRS. BAILEY, THAT SAMMY'S NEW BICYCLE IS NOT TO BE USED HAULING THAT RIDICULOUS TRAILER AROUND CAP HAS BUILT —
WELL, I —
CAP DELIBERATELY FORCED SAMMY — WHO IS SUCH A SWEET OBLIGING CHILD, TO TIE HIS BICYCLE TO THAT UNWIELDY THING — WHY, HE ALMOST BROKE THE BICYCLE! — I WON'T HAVE IT — INDEED I WON'T —
WELL, UH —
OH — OH — GO TAKE A WALK!
AW — HIS WHEEL'S NO GOOD ANYWAY!
WELL — AUTOMOBILE OR NO AUTOMOBILE — YOU'VE GOT TO GET THIS THING OUT OF TH' YARD! IT'S KILLING ALL TH' GRASS UNDER IT —
IF YOU'D STUCK TO YOUR GARDEN, YOU'D MEBBE WIN A PRIZE AT TH' FAIR THIS FALL — NOW LOOK AT IT — JUST CHOKED WITH WEEDS —
MY LAND! YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT A BOY'S GOING TO DO NEXT!


GEE! AIN'T IT SWELL — TOO —
AN' ALL WE NEED IS A AUTOMOBILE —
GEE! I KNOW!
MY LAND! WHAT'RE THEY UP TO NOW — THERE THEY GO STREAKIN' IT ACROSS TH' LAWN — OH — MY LAND!
KEEP OFF'N THAT PETUNIA BED —
NOW YOU GET THAT BIG AWKWARD TRAILER YOU BUILT OUT OF TH' YARD, OR I'LL HAVE OLE JOHN CUT IT UP FOR KINDLIN' WOOD —
AWRIGHT —
MY LAND! ALL THOSE BOYS TRACKIN' OVER TH' YARD —
MY LAND! THEY'RE GOIN' TO DRAG IT RIGHT ACROSS TH' FRONT LAWN —
I DON'T CARE — YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO RUIN TH' FRONT LAWN —
WELL, WE CAN'T GET IT OUT ANY OTHER WAY, 'COUNTTA TH' FENCE!
HOW WE GONNA GET IT OUT WITHOUT CROSSIN' TH' FRONT LAWN —
WE'LL HAFTA WAIT TILL SHE TAKES HER NAP —
IT'S ALLRIGHT — SHE'S ASLEEP!
HEAVENS!
CAP STUBBS — YOU STOP THAT!
CAP!
WE'LL TAKE IT DOWN TH' ALLEY TO ELM STREET, AN' CROSS TH' VACANT LOT, AN' —
MERCY! YOU OUGHT TO GET A HOUSE MOVER'S PERMIT —
HEY!
GEE! WHAT'SA MATTER?
HEY! GET THAT THING OUTTA TH' WAY —
IT'S BUSTED! THEY'VE GONE FOR HELP —
UNCLE BEN — UNCLE BEN — OUR TRAILER'S BUSTED DOWN IN TH' ALLEY!
IT'S DOWN THIS WAY —

HURRY — FIX IT —
IT'S HOLDIN' — WE WANT TO GO DOWN TO CALF PASTURE —
THERE!! AN' TH' NEXT TIME — BEFORE YOU DECIDE TO BUILD A TRAILER AN' GO TRAILIN' — THINK TWICE!!
The George Matthew Adams Service, Inc. 7-22
GEE! ANY TIME WE GET TIRED CAMPIN' AT CALF PASTURE WE CAN HAUL IT SOME-WHERE'S ELSE —
SAY! I GOT AN IDEA! IF WE COULD BUILD A RAFT AN' PUT OUR TRAILER ON IT — WE'D HAVE A HOUSE BOAT, TOO —
HURRAH!
The George Matthew Adams Service, Inc. 7-23
MY LAND! WHAT'RE YOU GOIN' TO DO WITH ALL THOSE BOARDS —
OH — NUTHIN' — MUCH —
DON'T TELL GRAN'MA WE'RE GOIN' TO BUILD A RAFT FOR OUR TRAILER, OR SHE'LL THINK IT'S DANGEROUS AN MAKE US QUIT —
WELL, I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP TO NOW —
The George Matthew Adams Service, Inc. 7-24
WELL — I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THOSE BOYS ARE UP TO — THEY'VE BEEN AWFUL QUIET LATELY 'BOUT THEIR TRAILER —
WHY AREN'T YOU PLAYING WITH TH' BOYS, SAMMY —
OH — THEY WON'T LET ME 'CUZ I WON'T LET THEM USE MY BICYCLE FOR MOTOR POWER TO MAKE THEIR OLE TRAILER HOUSEBOAT GO —
7-25
The George Matthew Adams Service, Inc.
SO THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE DOING! BUILDING A HOUSE BOAT! MY LAND! MARY — MARY! DID YOU HEAR WHAT SAMMY SAID —
NOW THEY'LL FLOAT DOWN TH' RIVER AN' HIT A ROCK OR — SOMETHIN' — AN THAT'S TH' LAST YOU'LL SEE OF YOUR SON! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
CAP STUBBS! DON'T THINK YOU CAN GO DOWN TH' RIVER IN ANY OLD BOAT YOU'RE BUILDIN' — I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' —
The George Matthew Adams Service, Inc. 7-27


I BET THAT [illegible] PUTTIN' OUR T[illegible] WFUL FUSS, AN [illegible] DOWN AT TH' RIVER
MA WE WUZ [illegible]FT! SHE RAISED MOM SAYS I CAN'T AT ALL —
MA-MA —
GEE! I DON'T SEE WHY I CAN'T GO NEAR TH' RIVER! I'M NOT GONNA FALL IN! — GEE! WHY DON'T THEY WANT US TO MAKE OUR TRAILER INTO A BOAT — GOSH!
WELL — I S'POSE IT'S ALL RIGHT TO TAKE A WALK! GEE! I DON'T SEE HOW THEY CAN OBJECK TO THAT!
GEE! WHY HERE'S OUR TRAILER! I DIDN'T NOTICE WE WERE WALKIN' IN THAT DIRECK-SHUN —
TH' BOYS ARE DOWN WORKIN' ON THEIR TRAILER-BOAT! GEE! IT'S NOTHIN' BUT A OLE RAFT! MY MOTHER SAYS —
CAP STUBBS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO GO DOWN TO THAT RIVER —
NOW, MARY — REMEMBER, HE'S ONLY A LI'L BOY —
YOU SAID I COULDN'T GO DOWN YESTER — OUCH — DAY! YOU DIDN'T SAY I COULDN'T GO — OUCH — TODAY —
SHE'S A BRUTE!
I SAID YOU WERE NOT TO GO DOWN! AND THAT MEANT YESTERDAY AND EVERY DAY!
YOU WILL BLABBER TO MY MOTHER WHERE I'VE BEEN! I'LL SHOW YOU —
YOU GO STRAIGHT HOME, CAP STUBBS, AND STOP ANNOYING SAMMY! I WON'T HAVE IT!
?
SAY — I WAS JUST THINKIN' — MOM SAID I COULDN'T GO DOWN TO TH' RIVER ANY DAY AT ALL — BUT SHE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING 'BOUT NOT GOIN' DOWN AT NIGHT —
NOW I DON'T WANT ANY ARGUMENT — YOU GO RIGHT STRAIGHT TO BED —
AWRIGHT!
MY LAND! HE CERTAINLY WENT TO BED WITHOUT MUCH FUSS —
OH — HE WAS TIRED —

GOOD NIGHT MAMA AN PAPA AN GRAN'MA— C'M ON TIPPE —
THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY 'BOUT TH' WAY HE GOES TO BED EV'RY NIGHT WITHOUT ANY ARGUMENT! IT ISN'T NATURAL —
MY LAND! HE ISN'T HERE! WELL, THAT'S JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! HE'S CLIMBED DOWN TH' PORCH ROOF AN' GONE OFF WITH TH' BOYS!! AN' US THINKIN' HE WAS ASLEEP ALL TH' TIME — MY LAND!
YOU'VE BEEN LOOKIN' KINDA PEAKED LATELY, CAP — DON'T YOU FEEL WELL —
SURE!
MEBBE YOU AREN'T SLEEPIN' WELL AT NIGHT—
HUH" — OH, SURE I AM!
YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WALK IN YOUR SLEEP, CAP STUBBS!" — AN' CLIMB DOWN TH' PORCH ROOF AN' GO TO TH' RIVER WITH TH' BOYS EV'RY NIGHT, TO PUT YOUR TRAILER ON A RAFT SO'S YOU CAN FLOAT DOWN TH' RIVER LIKE YOUR MOTHER SAID YOU COULDN'T!
WELL, YOU DIDN'T SAY I COULDN'T GO AT NIGHT! YOU SAID I COULDN'T PLAY DOWN AT TH' RIVER IN TH' DAY TIME
CAP STUBBS! YOU KNEW WHAT I MEANT!
A FELLA NEVER CAN HAVE ANY FUN —
I SH'D THINK YOU'D BE ASHAMED TO WORRY YOUR MOTHER SO —
I TELL YOU, MARY, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO BE SURE HE WON'T GO OFF ON THAT RAFT — MILT WILL HAVE TO GO AN' CUT IT ADRIFT — AN' THEN WE WON'T BE WORRIED ANY MORE ABOUT IT —
OH— HE WON'T GET HURT— HE CAN SWIM - AND BOYS WILL BE BOYS —
ALLRIGHT! IF YOU DON'T CARE WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR SON—
WELL, THEN— TELL HIM HE CAN'T!
HE MAY RUN AWAY FROM HOME! THE ONLY WAY IS TO SET THAT TERRIBLE RAFT ADRIFT, AN' NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW WHAT'S BECOME OF IT—
GEE! I WONDER WHERE POP'S GOIN —

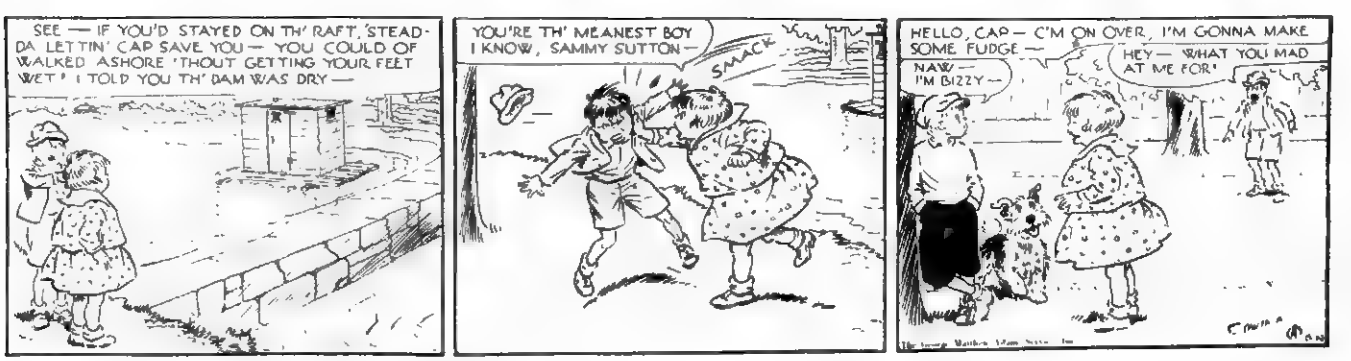
I DON'T SEE WHY THEY THINK A RAFT'S SO DANGEROUS —
GEE! LOOK — ISN'T THAT OUR RAFT FLOATIN' DOWN STREAM —
HEY —
WHAT'LL WE DO —
RUN AHEAD AN' SWIM OUT AN' STOP IT —
TH' DAM'S AHEAD — IT'LL GO OVER TH' DAM —
GEE! LOOK! THERE'S SOMEBODY ON BOARD —
HELP —
IT'S MYRTLE —
HANG ON — WE'LL SAVE YOU —
I'LL GET A ROPE —
HELP — YOU'RE TIPPIN' IT —
YA GOTTA JUMP — THERE'S NO ROPE ER POLE ON BOARD C'M ON, I'LL HOLD YOU UP — IT ISN'T DEEP —
I CAN'T
GET OFF THAT RAFT, MYRTLE SNOOTH — HALP! SAVE MY CHILD —
SHE HID ON IT WHEN WE WERE PLAYIN' HIDE'N SEEK —
JUMP! — SAVE MY CHILD —
DON'T JUMP! —
I TOLD HER NOT TO HIDE THERE!
C'M ON —
HALP —
SAVE HER! SAVE MY CHILD! I TOLD YOU, MYRTLE, NEVER TO GET ON ANY BOAT —
MY CHILD! MY CHILD! — AND TH' NEXT TIME I TAKE YOU ON A PICNIC, MYRTLE ELOISE SNOOTH —
IT WASN'T UP TO HER WAIST EVEN —

MY CHILD — MY CHILD! IN ANOTHER MINUTE YOU'D HAVE BEEN SWEPT OVER TH' DAM —
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THIS BRAVE AND NOBLE BOY — YOU'VE SAVED MY CHILD'S LIFE —
TH' WATER ISN'T RUNNIN' OVER TH' DAM — IT'S DRY —
YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!

MY LI'L HERO! HERE'S A DOLLAR —
RUSHIN' INTO TH' WATER TO SAVE MYRTLE FROM GOIN' OVER TH' DAM IN THAT RAFT! MY LAND — YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN HURT — DON'T YOU EVER GO NEAR THAT RIVER AGAIN —
WELL, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO CUT OUR RAFT ADRIFT —
HE MUSTN'T KNOW YOU DID IT, MILT —
I TOLD YOU IT WAS A FOOL THING TO DO —
HOW COULD WE KNOW IT WOULD TURN OUT THIS WAY!

SAY — MYRTLE SAYS SHE GUESSES SHE'LL HAFTA MARRY YOU 'COUNTTA YOU SAVED HER LIFE —
WELL, SHE'S GOTTA NOTHER GUESS COMIN' —
MYRTLE'S GONNA MARRY CAP —
SHE COULD HAVE WALKED TO SHORE WHEN TH' RAFT REACHED TH' DAM — 'COUNTTA WATER ISN'T GOIN' OVER IT ANY MORE —

WELL, I'D OF SAVED YO, IF YOU'D BEEN
OH — YOU DON'T CARE WHO YOU SAVE! YOU'D JUST AS LIEF SAVE ME —
WELL, I'D RUTHER SAVE YOU, 'COURSE — BUT YOU WASN'T ON TH' RAFT!
OH — YOU'RE SORRY I WASN'T NEARLY DROWNED —
NO — GOOD NIGHT —
WHATZA MATTER WITH GURLS, ANYHOW!


SEE — IF YOU'D STAYED ON TH' RAFT, 'STEADA LETTIN' CAP SAVE YOU — YOU COULD OF WALKED ASHORE 'THOUT GETTING YOUR FEET WET! I TOLD YOU TH' DAM WAS DRY —
YOU'RE TH' MEANEST BOY I KNOW, SAMMY SUTTON —
SMACK
HELLO, CAP — C'M ON OVER, I'M GONNA MAKE SOME FUDGE —
NAW — I'M BIZZY —
HEY — WHAT YOU MAD AT ME FOR!

HERE SHE COMES! WHY DOESN'T SHE STAY HOME AN' QUIT BOTHERIN' ME ALL TH' TIME—
CAP — CAP — HERE'S MYRTLE —
SH-H, TIPPIE — DON'T LET ON —
WELL, HE ISN'T HERE, MYRTLE, BUT I KNOW HE'LL BE SO PLEASED WITH THIS LOVELY PIE YOU'VE BROUGHT HIM —
AW, I DON'T WANT HER OLE PIE —
WELL, I'D BE 'SHAMED, CAP STUBBS — AFTER MYRTLE WAS NICE 'NUFF TO BRING IT OVER —
WHEN YOU GONNA MARRY MYRTLE, CAP —
GEE! YOU GOTTA MARRY HER AFTER YOU SAVED HER LIFE —
NO! I DON'T WANT HER OLE PIE!
EH — WHAT'S THAT!
WELL, IF MARY MARG'RET'S SORE 'CUZ I SAVED MYRTLE FROM TH' RAFT, SHE'LL HAFTA BE SORE —
GRAN'MA — I GUESS I'LL HAVE SOME OF TH' PIE —
WHAT PIE —
WHY TH' PIE MYRTLE BROUGHT OVER FOR ME —
MERCY! TH' LAST OF THAT WAS EATEN YESTERDAY! YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND SOONER! YOU CAN'T EXPECT PEOPLE TO SIT AROUND AN' WAIT FOR YOU!
MARY MARG'RET ASKED ME TO COME OVER THIS AFTERNOON — SHE'S GONNA MAKE FUDGE —
HUMPH! WHO LIKES FUDGE?
YOU DO —
WHO, ME! OH, I DID, A LONG TIME AGO — WHEN I WAS LI'L —
IT'S ALLRIGHT FOR LI'L KIDS — AN' GURLS! BUT — I*DON'T CARE FOR IT ANY MORE!
YESSIR — A FELLA'S FAMILY WON'T LET HIM DO NUTHIN' — AN' HIS GURL WALKS OUT ON HIM
AN' SCHOOL STARTS UP — AN' SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS YELLIN' AT HIM — AN' —
GEE! WHAT WOULD A FELLA DO 'THOUT HIS DOG!?

# Snappy Art, Sappy Copy

By Richard Marschall

Milton Caniff, in referring to his role and function, has sometimes used characteristic modesty in calling himself a glorified newsboy; that is, as a cartoonist it was his job to sell the next day's newspaper.

Just so. Of course, in the process he became a pathfinder and astounding creative force in his chosen field, thrilling millions of readers, influencing two generations of cartoonists (so far), and leaving a legacy for scholars around the world to appreciate.

Milton Caniff was a salesman of other sorts, however, in a less symbolic way. He turned his artistic talents to the pitching of a coffee substitute, of coconut flakes, and of soap powder.

It was 1935, and although Milton Caniff and his room-mate and fellow Ohioan Noel Sickles were enjoying success with their strips *Terry and the Pirates* and *Scorchy Smith* it was the time of the Great Depression. The Johnstone and Cushing advertising agency had recently been organized as newspapers' chief supplier of comic strip ads. Capp and Sickles were two cartoonists contacted to work on such ads.

Milt used his middle name, and Bud Sickles used his middle name to fashion the new cartoonist "Paul Arthur" who commenced turning out some of the handsomest of strips, using striking figures, dramatic angles, and lush shading. The layouts and figure work was largely Sickles's, Milt remembers, and the Mr. Coffee Nerves figure (in the Postum ads) was his; the sappy dialogue was always provided by the client or the agency.

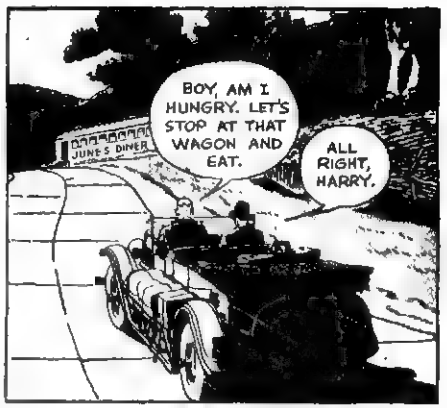
There was Baker's Coconut, and there was Fels Naptha soap, but the most memorable was the series for Postum. Ron Goulart has chronicled the artists who worked on the Coffee Nerves villain through the years: Albert Dorne, Caniff-Sickles, Paul Fung, Joe King, and Lou Fine—an impressive list of talent indeed, especially considering that their talents were turned to shilling water-soluble powdered grain.

In 1935, however, Milton Caniff was just transforming his own drawing style from semi-realistic to cinematic, largely via the inspiration of Sickles. In terms of graphics, the work in the following portfolio represents some of the most mature renderings and compositions of the classic Caniff-Sickles collaborations.

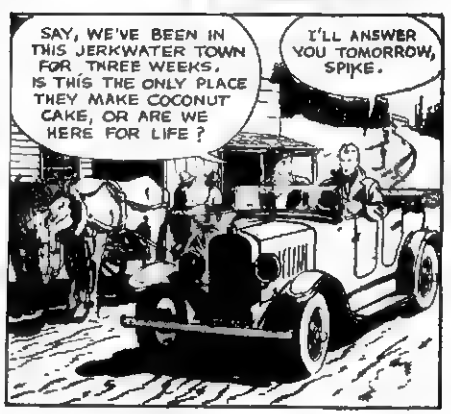
# The Comic Strip Ads of Milton Caniff and Noel Sickles

SPIKE, NOT A GIRL IN THIS TOWN REALLY LOVES ME, YET THERE ISN'T ONE OF THEM WHO ISN'T BREAKING HER NECK TO MARRY ME!
THAT'S THE PENALTY OF BEING THE RICHEST YOUNG MAN IN THREE STATES!

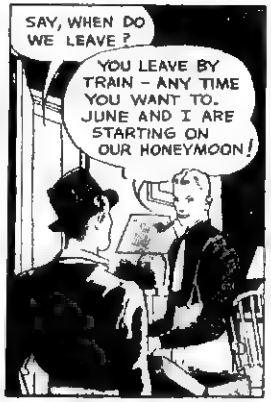
WELL, I'M SICK OF IT. I'VE BOUGHT A SECOND-HAND FLIVVER AND I'M GOING SOME PLACE WHERE NOBODY KNOWS ME. WANT TO GO ALONG?
AH – ADVENTURE REARING ITS LOVELY HEAD. YOU BET I WANT TO GO!



JIMINY, THAT'S THE BEST COCONUT CAKE I EVER TASTED. WHAT'S THE SECRET?
THE SECRET IS BEING A GOOD COOK AND USING THE SWEETEST, JUICIEST COCONUT YOU CAN BUY. I USE BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE!


SAY, WE'VE BEEN IN THIS JERKWATER TOWN FOR THREE WEEKS. IS THIS THE ONLY PLACE THEY MAKE COCONUT CAKE, OR ARE WE HERE FOR LIFE?
I'LL ANSWER YOU TOMORROW, SPIKE.

SWEETHEART, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE COCONUT CAKES FOR ME FROM NOW ON? I'M JUST A POOR CLERK, BUT I THINK WE CAN GET ALONG ON MY SALARY.
IF WE CAN'T, I CAN OPEN A CAKE SHOP – OH HARRY, I'M SO HAPPY!

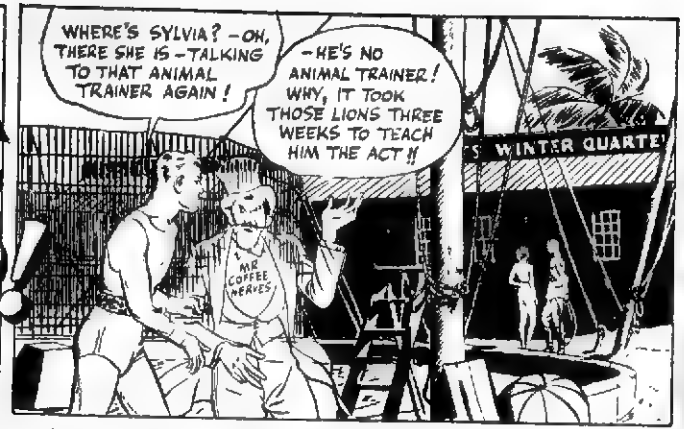


WELCOME HOME, MY TURTLE-DOVES.
HONEY, IF YOU CAN FORGIVE ME FOR LYING ABOUT MY BEING POOR, THIS IS ALL YOURS.
OH – HARRY DARLING!
Paul ARTHUR

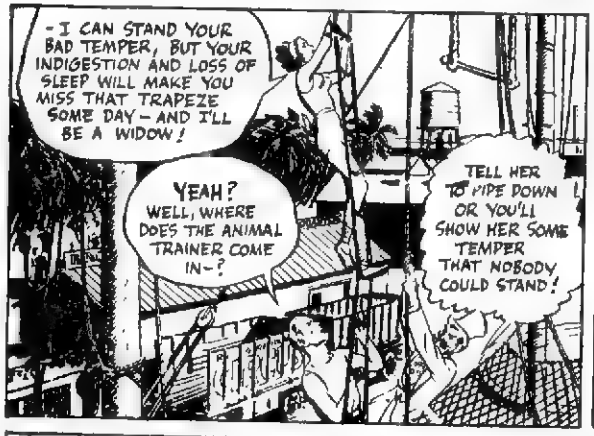
THE CAKE THAT MADE HARRY LINGER – MAKE IT YOURSELF
VALENCIA COCONUT CAKE
Bake two 9-inch cake layers, flavoring with lemon or orange extract. Spread with Valencia Coconut Frosting.
Valencia Coconut Frosting
2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
4½ tablespoons orange juice
½ tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 can Baker's Southern Style Coconut
Combine egg whites, sugar, and fruit juices, in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater, until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add orange rind and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake. While frosting is still soft, sprinkle with Baker's Southern Style Coconut—the only coconut that's as creamy-fresh and flavorful as if you had dug it out of the shell yourself, for Baker's Southern Style comes vita-packed in tins. Decorate with orange sections.
(All measurements are level)
● Your grocer has Baker's Southern Style Coconut—her creamy fresh in tins—and Baker's Premium Shred—tenderest, meatiest of carton-packed coconut. A General Foods Product.
BAKER'S COCONUT
BAKER
COCONUT
FREE—48-page Coconut Recipe Booklet. Write Dept., HC-1 General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.
Name
Street
City State
Fill in completely, print name and address (Offer good in U. S. only—expires Dec. 31, 1936)

All pages from the collection of Rick Marschall

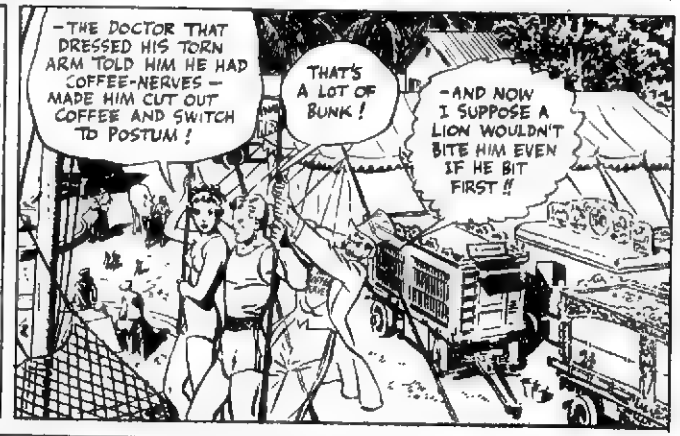
Peter Joins the Club
AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR POSTUM
IF THAT NEW NEIGHBOR DOESN'T KEEP HIS CHICKENS OUT OF OUR YARD, I'LL KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM!
OH, PETER, YOU MUSTN'T OFFEND THE JACKSONS — HE'S ON THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB — AND WE'RE UP FOR MEMBERSHIP!
AW, GO AHEAD! KILL 'EM AND THROW 'EM IN THEIR FRONT DOOR!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
GOOD MORNING! HOPE MY CHICKENS HAVEN'T HURT YOUR FLOWER BEDS. I'LL HAVE THEIR NEW COOP FINISHED SOON!
BETTER KEEP 'EM OUT OF MY WAY, JACKSON, OR YOU WON'T NEED A COOP! I'LL WRING THEIR NECKS!
WHY NOT SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL BY WRINGING HIS NECK RIGHT NOW!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
I TOLD JACKSON A THING OR TWO! BET HE KEEPS HIS LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS HOME AFTER THIS!
OH, PETER — YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT! NOW WE'LL NEVER GET INTO THE COUNTRY CLUB!
WHAT'S SHE CARE ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS — AS LONG AS SHE CRASHES SOCIETY?
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
MRS. JACKSON, I HOPE YOU'LL OVERLOOK PETER'S RUDENESS. HE'S SO IRRITABLE LATELY — HIS HEAD ACHES AND HE CAN'T SLEEP!
I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL! MR. JACKSON USED TO BE SO IRRITABLE TOO!
LISTEN TO HER—! TOADYING TO THAT WOMAN! PRACTICALLY EATING RIGHT OUT OF HER HAND!
OUR DOCTOR CALLED IT COFFEE-NERVES — MR. JACKSON SWITCHED TO POSTUM, AND THE CHANGE WORKED WONDERS!
OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU TOLD ME...
TELL HER WHEN YOU NEED MEDICAL ADVICE, YOU WON'T ASK A CHICKEN FARMER!
BUT, PETER — IT HELPED MR. JACKSON! IT WON'T HURT YOU TO TRY POSTUM!
OH, ALL RIGHT! I'LL TRY ANYTHING IF YOU'LL KEEP QUIET ABOUT THESE MEDDLING JACKSONS!
CURSES! I'M LICKED! POSTUM AND I CAN'T MIX!
SAY — POSTUM IS ONE SWELL DRINK! I DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING COULD TASTE SO GOOD!
LATER
WELL, PETER, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CLUB, NOW THAT YOU'RE A FULL-FLEDGED MEMBER?
PETER'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE! HE GETS A THRILL OUT OF EVERYTHING SINCE HE SWITCHED TO POSTUM!
TAKE A TIP FROM ME — IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT COFFEE-NERVES, TRY POSTUM!
Paul ARTHUR
OF COURSE you know that children should never drink coffee. But do you realize that the caffein in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups too?
If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly, caffein may be to blame.
Isn't it worth while to try Postum for 30 days? Postum contains no caffein. It is simply whole wheat and bran roasted and slightly sweetened. It is easy to make and economical, too. Try Postum. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll not only feel better but you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. A product of General Foods.
FREE - let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail the coupon.
©1936 — A. CORP.
GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. N. N. C. 9-14-36
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum
Name
Street
City State
Fill in completely, print name and address. If you live in Canada address: General Foods Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936.)

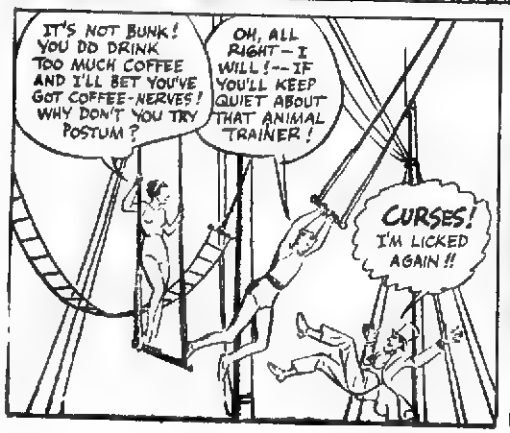

WHERE'S SYLVIA? - OH, THERE SHE IS - TALKING TO THAT ANIMAL TRAINER AGAIN!
- HE'S NO ANIMAL TRAINER! WHY, IT TOOK THOSE LIONS THREE WEEKS TO TEACH HIM THE ACT!!
MR COFFEE NERVES
WINTER QUARTE

BUT, SID - I WAS JUST ASKING HIM FOR SOME ADVICE ABOUT YOU! I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN FEELING LATELY!
WELL, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE MAKING ME FEEL ANY BETTER BY TALKING TO THAT ANIMAL TRAINER ALL THE TIME, YOU'RE CRAZY!
LET'S GO GIVE HIM SOME ADVICE — ON HOW TO MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS!!
MR COFFEE NERVES

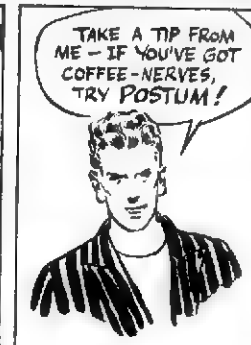

- I CAN STAND YOUR BAD TEMPER, BUT YOUR INDIGESTION AND LOSS OF SLEEP WILL MAKE YOU MISS THAT TRAPEZE SOME DAY - AND I'LL BE A WIDOW!
YEAH? WELL, WHERE DOES THE ANIMAL TRAINER COME IN-?
TELL HER TO PIPE DOWN OR YOU'LL SHOW HER SOME TEMPER THAT NOBODY COULD STAND!

- AN ANIMAL TRAINER NEEDS STEADY NERVES, TOO! - ONCE HE GOT NERVOUS AND JITTERY, AND LOST CONTROL OF HIS LIONS -!
YEAH! - BUT HE GOT OUT ALIVE - WHICH PROVES THAT LIONS WON'T EAT HAM!


- THE DOCTOR THAT DRESSED HIS TORN ARM TOLD HIM HE HAD COFFEE-NERVES — MADE HIM CUT OUT COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM!
THAT'S A LOT OF BUNK!
- AND NOW I SUPPOSE A LION WOULDN'T BITE HIM EVEN IF HE BIT FIRST!!


IT'S NOT BUNK! YOU DO DRINK TOO MUCH COFFEE AND I'LL BET YOU'VE GOT COFFEE-NERVES! WHY DON'T YOU TRY POSTUM?
OH, ALL RIGHT - I WILL! -- IF YOU'LL KEEP QUIET ABOUT THAT ANIMAL TRAINER!
CURSES! I'M LICKED AGAIN!!

30 DAYS LATER
SAY - THAT'S A WONDERFUL NEW LION ACT HE'S DEVELOPED THERE!
WHY - THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO YOUR OWN NEW ACT! YOU CERTAINLY ARE A CHANGED MAN SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!
Paul ARTHUR

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If you have headaches or indigestion, or can't sleep soundly -- caffein may be to blame.

Try Postum for 30 days. It contains no caffein. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor.

Ask for Postum Cereal, the kind you boil, or Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. Either way, it is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. Postum is a product of General Foods.

**FREE** Get your first week's supply of Postum *free!* Simply mail the coupon.

COPR. 1936 G. F. CORP.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. H. N. C. 37-7-36

Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of ☐ Instant Postum, ☐ Postum Cereal. (Check the kind you want.)

Name _____

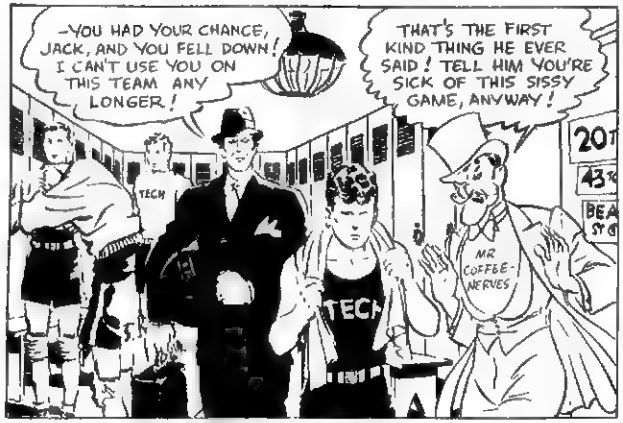
Street _____

City _____ State _____

*Fill in completely, print name and address.* If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1937.)

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE, JACK. IF YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER AGAIN, YOU'RE THROUGH!
WELL—IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE LETTING ME PLAY TONIGHT! MY DAD CAME ALL THE WAY FROM WASHINGTON TO SEE THE GAME!
TELL THIS COACH HE DOESN'T KNOW ENOUGH TO TEACH A KINDERGARTEN CLASS TO PLAY TIDDLEDYWINKS!
MR COFFEE NERVES

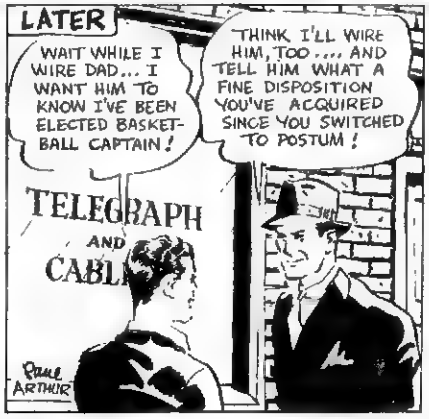
—THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOUR ROUGH STUFF, WALTON! I SAW YOU ELBOW THAT MAN IN THE FACE! NOW GET OUT OF THE GAME!
TELL THIS DUMB REFEREE IF HE'S GOING TO PLAY ON THEIR SIDE, HE'D BETTER PUT ON A BASKETBALL SUIT!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES

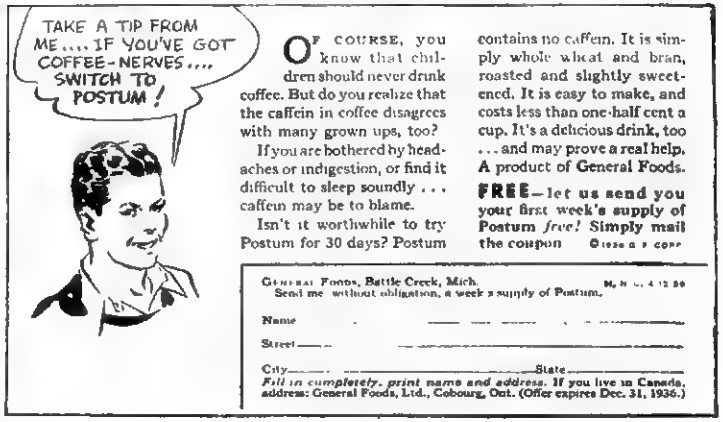

—YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, JACK, AND YOU FELL DOWN! I CAN'T USE YOU ON THIS TEAM ANY LONGER!
THAT'S THE FIRST KIND THING HE EVER SAID! TELL HIM YOU'RE SICK OF THIS SISSY GAME, ANYWAY!
MR COFFEE-NERVES

I'M JACK WALTON'S FATHER. CAN YOU SPARE A MINUTE, COACH?
CERTAINLY, DOCTOR WALTON. YOU WERE CAPTAIN HERE IN '09, WEREN'T YOU? SORRY WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT.
WHAT ARE THOSE OLD FOGEYS PLOTTING ABOUT? PROBABLY COOKING UP SOME DUMB SCHEME!
MR. COFFEE NERVES

TOO BAD ABOUT JACK. HE'S A STAR PLAYER, BUT I'M AFRAID HE'S BREAKING MY 'NO COFFEE' TRAINING RULE! HE'S SO NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE!
LET ME TALK TO HIM, COACH... WE DOCTORS KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE COFFEE-NERVES CASES!
OH, OH! I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! LOOKS BAD FOR ME!
MR COFFEE-NERVES

IT'S COFFEE-NERVES ALL RIGHT, SON! I THINK YOU'D BETTER CUT OUT COFFEE AND DRINK POSTUM INSTEAD.
OH, ALL RIGHT... IF IT WILL HELP ME GET BACK ON THE TEAM!
CURSES! IF HE'S SWITCHING TO POSTUM, I'M THROUGH!
1937
MR COFFEE NERVES


LATER
WAIT WHILE I WIRE DAD... I WANT HIM TO KNOW I'VE BEEN ELECTED BASKET-BALL CAPTAIN!
THINK, I'LL WIRE HIM, TOO.... AND TELL HIM WHAT A FINE DISPOSITION YOU'VE ACQUIRED SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!
TELEGRAPH AND CABL
PAUL ARTHUR

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# Mother Takes a Hand

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF GENERAL FOODS

GEE ..., I WISH THIS HEADACHE WOULD QUIT! I'VE GOT A DATE TO GO SKATING WITH BILL ADAMS!
OH, I'M SO THRILLED, DEAR! HE'S THE RICHEST YOUNG MAN IN TOWN!
-HE MAY BE RICH... BUT IF BRAINS WERE MONEY HE'D BE IN THE POOR HOUSE!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES

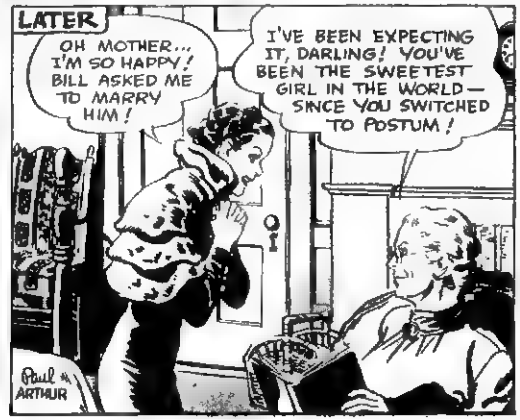
-IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP! YOU'VE CERTAINLY KEPT ME ON PINS AND NEEDLES!
WHY, MILDRED... WE'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME!
THERE HE GOES.... STARTING AN ARGUMENT! TELL HIM TO PIPE DOWN!
MR. COFFEE NERVES

WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU ALMOST PUSHED ME OVER!
I'M SORRY, MILDRED, I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU!
BEING SARCASTIC, IS HE? TELL HIM WHERE HE GETS OFF!

BILL DIDN'T ASK ME TO THE BIG DANCE NEXT MONTH, - SUPPOSE THE SNOB THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD FOR ME!
-WHY MILDRED, I'M SURE BILL LOVES YOU... BUT NO MAN WOULD PUT UP WITH YOUR CROSS, IRRITABLE WAYS!
SAY....IF SHE FELT AS BAD AS YOU DO, SHE WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE A NICE WORD FOR SANTA CLAUS!
MR COFFEE-NERVES

-YOU'LL LOSE BILL FOR GOOD IF YOU DON'T GET RID OF YOUR MEANNESS. THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO QUIT DRINKING COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM.
OH, RATS! NONSENSE! PAY NO ATTENTION TO SUCH GUFF!

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! I'LL SEE THAT YOU DO AS THE DOCTOR SAID!
OH, ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT!! -ANYTHING TO STOP YOUR NAGGING!
CURSES! I CAN'T STAY HERE IF POSTUM IS COMING INTO THE HOUSE!


LATER
OH MOTHER... I'M SO HAPPY! BILL ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT, DARLING! YOU'VE BEEN THE SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD— SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!
Paul ARTHUR

Of course you know that children should never drink coffee. But do you realize that the caffein in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too?

If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly . . caffein may be to blame.

Isn't it worthwhile to try Postum for 30 days? Postum contains no caffein. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is easy to make, and costs less than one half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink, too . . . and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum

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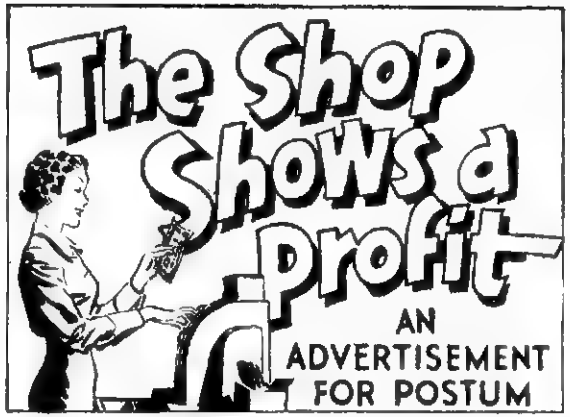
# The Shop Shows a Profit

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR POSTUM



LADIES, YOUR RENT IS LONG OVERDUE. I'M SORRY, BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU MUCH MORE TIME!
HOW CAN WE PAY RENT, MR. BRADY— EVERY WOMAN IN TOWN OWES US MONEY... INCLUDING YOUR WIFE!
AW—HE'S JUST SORE BECAUSE YOU CAN'T MAKE HIS WIFE LOOK LIKE A MOVIE QUEEN!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES

MY HUSBAND SAYS YOU GIRLS AREN'T DOING WELL. I'D LIKE TO HELP, SO I'M ASKING MY FRIENDS TO COME HERE!
WON'T THAT BE NICE, MRS. BRADY... IF YOUR FRIENDS CAN JUST PAY THEIR BILLS!
TELL THE OLD GAL SHE'S HOMELY! INSULT HER—MAKE HER MAD!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES

BUT RIGHT NOW I'D LIKE A PERMANENT —AND PLEASE HURRY, MARY ... I'M DUE AT MY BRIDGE CLUB AT 3 O'CLOCK!
SAY—IF A PERMANENT INTERFERES WITH YOUR BRIDGE, WHAT DID YOU COME HERE FOR, ANYWAY!
TELL THE OLD HAG TO GO AS SHE IS! —NO ONE WOULD NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE—
MR COFFEE-NERVES

MARY—YOU INSULTED MRS. BRADY! SHE LEFT IN A RAGE, AND NOW PROBABLY SHE WON'T HELP US!
OH, WHO CARES? IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES, YOU WOULDN'T BE ALWAYS WORRYING ABOUT BUSINESS!
WHAT RIGHT HAS SHE TO JUMP ON YOU? TELL HER SHE'S NOT SO SWEET HERSELF!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES

YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HEADACHE! WHY DON'T YOU GO SEE A DOCTOR?
OH, ALL RIGHT —I WILL! ANYTHING TO STOP YOUR NAGGING!
TELL HER YOU DON'T NEED A DOCTOR HALF AS BAD AS SHE WILL IF SHE DOESN'T PIPE DOWN!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES

—APPARENTLY A CASE OF COFFEE-NERVES! I SUGGEST YOU QUIT COFFEE, AND SWITCH TO POSTUM FOR 30 DAYS!
WELL— OF COURSE, IF YOU THINK IT WILL HELP!
CURSES! THESE DOCTORS ARE ALWAYS TOO SMART FOR ME!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
PAUL ARTHUR

30 DAYS LATER
THANK YOU FOR SENDING YOUR FRIENDS TO US, MRS. BRADY— WE'RE MAKING MONEY NOW —WITH SO MANY NEW CUSTOMERS!
OH, I'M SO GLAD! AND MY FRIENDS ALL SAY YOU HAVE BEEN SUCH A DEAR!
MARY'S BEEN SIMPLY WONDERFUL SINCE SHE SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

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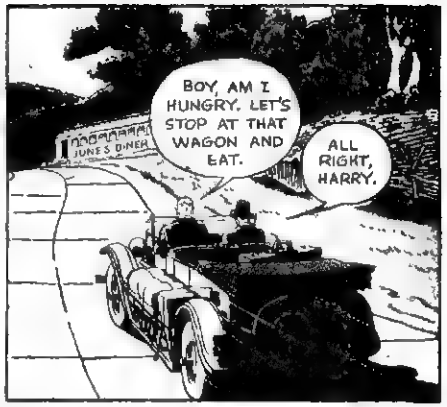
# IN SEARCH OF LOVE

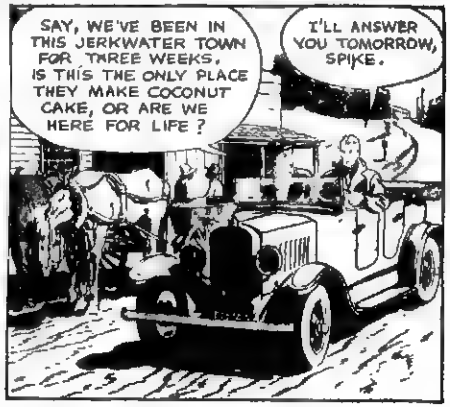
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF GENERAL FOODS

SPIKE, NOT A GIRL IN THIS TOWN REALLY LOVES ME, YET THERE ISN'T ONE OF THEM WHO ISN'T BREAKING HER NECK TO MARRY ME!
THAT'S THE PENALTY OF BEING THE RICHEST YOUNG MAN IN THREE STATES!

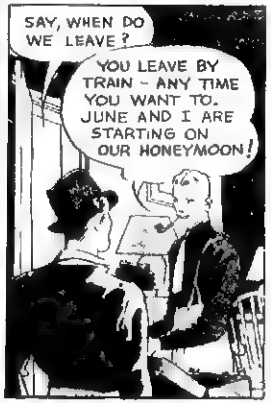
WELL, I'M SICK OF IT. I'VE BOUGHT A SECOND-HAND FLIVVER AND I'M GOING SOME PLACE WHERE NOBODY KNOWS ME. WANT TO GO ALONG?
AH – ADVENTURE REARING ITS LOVELY HEAD. YOU BET I WANT TO GO!



JIMINY, THAT'S THE BEST COCONUT CAKE I EVER TASTED. WHAT'S THE SECRET?
THE SECRET IS BEING A GOOD COOK AND USING THE SWEETEST, JUICIEST COCONUT YOU CAN BUY. I USE BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE!


SAY, WE'VE BEEN IN THIS JERKWATER TOWN FOR THREE WEEKS. IS THIS THE ONLY PLACE THEY MAKE COCONUT CAKE, OR ARE WE HERE FOR LIFE?
I'LL ANSWER YOU TOMORROW, SPIKE.

SWEETHEART, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE COCONUT CAKES FOR ME FROM NOW ON? I'M JUST A POOR CLERK, BUT I THINK WE CAN GET ALONG ON MY SALARY.
IF WE CAN'T, I CAN OPEN A CAKE SHOP – OH HARRY, I'M SO HAPPY!



WELCOME HOME, MY TURTLE-DOVES.
HONEY, IF YOU CAN FORGIVE ME FOR LYING ABOUT MY BEING POOR, THIS IS ALL YOURS.
OH – HARRY DARLING!
Paul ARTHUR


## THE CAKE THAT MADE HARRY LINGER – MAKE IT YOURSELF

**VALENCIA COCONUT CAKE**

Bake two 9-inch cake layers, flavoring with lemon or orange extract. Spread with Valencia Coconut Frosting.

**Valencia Coconut Frosting**

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
4½ tablespoons orange juice
½ tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 can Baker's Southern Style Coconut

Combine egg whites, sugar, and fruit juices, in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater, until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add orange rind and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake. While frosting is still soft, sprinkle with Baker's Southern Style Coconut—*the only coconut that's as creamy-fresh and flavorful as if you had dug it out of the shell yourself. For Baker's Southern Style comes vita packed in tins.* Decorate with orange sections.
*(All measurements are level.)*

● Your grocer has Baker's Southern Style Coconut—kept creamy fresh in tins—and Baker's Premium Shred—tenderest, meatiest of carton packed coconut. A General Foods Product

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**FREE**—40-page Coconut Recipe Booklet. Write Dept. HC-1 General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

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All pages from the collection of Rick Marschall

Jim gets a big order
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF GENERAL FOODS
JIM, WE'VE GOT TO GET THE MONEY SOMEHOW! THE BANK PAYMENT IS COMING DUE NEXT MONTH!
OH, STOP NAGGING!! WE'LL HAVE THE MONEY—IF I CAN SELL THAT OLD CRAB MERRILL A FEW TRUCKS!
HE'S A SKINFLINT! HE'LL PUT SOMETHING OVER ON YOU IF HE CAN!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
—WHAT'S THE COST OF OPERATING THIS TRUCK FOR A YEAR, INCLUDING GAS, OIL AND REPAIRS?
SAY, MR. MERRILL—I'M NO ADDING MACHINE—I'M JUST A TRUCK SALESMAN!
TELL THAT OLD TIGHTWAD HE'D SQUEEZE THE HIDE OFF A BUFFALO NICKEL!
JIM, THAT KIND OF TALK MAY LOSE MR. MERRILL'S ORDER! —HE'S A BIG OIL MAN—YOU BETTER SEE HIM AGAIN!
LISTEN—DON'T TELL ME HOW TO HANDLE A CUSTOMER!
—WHY DOESN'T YOUR BOSS SHUT HIS FACE AND GO SELL A FEW TRUCKS HIMSELF?
YOUNG MAN, YOUR TRUCK'S ALL RIGHT—BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU. —PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU—
SAY, IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES—YOU WOULDN'T TALK! I NEED ORDERS, NOT ADVICE!
HA HA! THAT WAS A DIRTY CRACK! KEEP IT UP—PIN HIS EARS BACK!!
HEADACHES, EH? SOUNDS LIKE THE SAME TROUBLE I HAD. —MY DOCTOR CALLED IT COFFEE-NERVES—
AW—WHY LISTEN TO THIS OLD BLATHERSKITE? SHUT HIM UP QUICK!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
—I SWITCHED TO POSTUM, ON MY DOCTOR'S ADVICE —FELT GREAT EVER SINCE! WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT—AND SEE ME LATER!
OH, I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL —I CAN'T FEEL ANY WORSE THAN I DO NOW!
CURSES! I'M LEAVING! POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!
SAY, POSTUM IS DELICIOUS! I'LL ENJOY SWITCHING TO A SWELL DRINK LIKE THIS!
LATER
MARY, LOOK! MR. MERRILL ORDERED THIRTY TRUCKS! NOW WE CAN PAY THE BANK!
OH, JIM! THAT'S WONDERFUL! I KNEW YOU'D GET THE ORDER! —YOU'VE BEEN YOUR OLD SPLENDID SELF, SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!
—TAKE A TIP FROM ME! —IF YOU'VE GOT COFFEE-NERVES, SWITCH TO POSTUM!
Paul ARTHUR
OF COURSE, you know that children should never drink coffee. But do you realize that the caffein in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too?
If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly . . . caffein may be to blame.
Isn't it worth while to try Postum for 30 days? Postum contains no caffein. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is easy to make, and costs less than one-half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink, too . . . and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.
FREE—let us send you your first week's supply of Postum *free!* Simply mail the coupon. ©1935 G F CORP
GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. N. N. C. 3-10-36
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.
Name
Street
City State
*Fill in completely print name and address* If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936)

# Dick gets a new Partner

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF GENERAL FOODS

WHAT? RETURN THAT DRESS? I SHOULD SAY NOT! THINK WE'RE IN BUSINESS FOR FUN?
TELL HER YOU'LL BET SHE'S WORN IT A DOZEN TIMES! -AND ASK HER HOW ABOUT PAYING HER BILL!
MR COFFEE NERVES

GEE, DICK — BUT CUSTOMERS MAKE ME SICK! ALWAYS WANT TO ARGUE WHEN MY HEAD IS READY TO SPLIT!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE LICKED ANYWAY, JOHN! WE'VE SUNK EVERY PENNY WE HAD IN THIS STORE... AND BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE!
THERE'S A PARTNER FOR YOU! WANTS TO GET RID OF YOU! TRYING TO SQUEEZE YOU OUT!
MR. COFFEE NERVES

JOHN — WE'VE BEEN PARTNERS A LONG TIME, BUT YOU'RE SO IRRITABLE LATELY YOU'RE DRIVING CUSTOMERS AWAY!
OH, YEAH? THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU, DICK -TRYING TO PIN ALL THE BLAME ON ME!
WHAT'S HE CRABBING ABOUT? ALL HE'S LOST IS MONEY — YOU'RE LOSING YOUR MIND!
MR. COFFEE NERVES

-THE BANK WON'T LEND US ANOTHER DIME! WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, IT'S GOT ME WORRIED!
YOUR HEALTH IS WHAT WORRIES ME, DEAR! DR. RIPLEY IS COMING TO SEE THE BABY -LET'S ASK HIM ABOUT YOU!
WHAT DOES SHE THINK THE DOCTOR CAN DO — LEND YOU SOME MONEY, OR BUY OUT THE STORE?
MR. COFFEE NERVES

WELL, JOHN.... THE BABY'S FINE! BUT WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU?
OH... MY HEAD ACHES, I CAN'T SLEEP... CAN'T EAT — ALL I EVER WANT IS A CUP OF COFFEE!
LOOK OUT! -IT'S A FRAME-UP! YOUR WIFE PUT HIM UP TO THIS!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES

-SOUNDS LIKE IT MIGHT BE COFFEE-NERVES! -WHY DON'T YOU QUIT COFFEE AND TRY POSTUM FOR 30 DAYS?
OH, ALL RIGHT! I CAN'T FEEL ANY WORSE THAN I DO NOW!
CURSES! POSTUM ALWAYS WRECKS MY PLANS!
MR COFFEE-NERVES

NEW CAR FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY, DARLING! WE CAN AFFORD IT, TOO — BUSINESS IS GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY!
-AND YOU'RE GETTING SWEETER EVERY DAY — SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!
Paul ARTHUR

**OF COURSE, you know that children should never drink coffee. But do you realize that the caffein in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too?**

If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly . . . caffein may be to blame.

Isn't it worth-while to try Postum for 30 days? Postum contains no caffein. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is easy to make, and costs less than one half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink, too... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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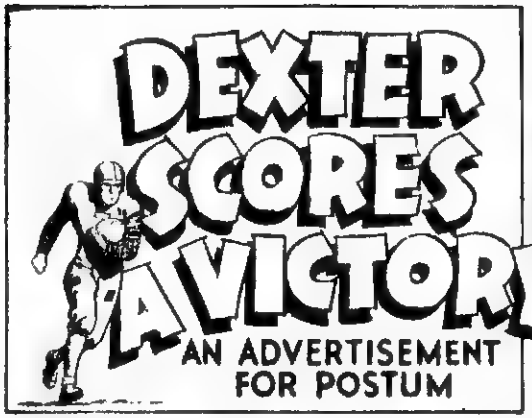


TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, TONY! I'LL GO TO THE THANKSGIVING DANCE WITH THE ONE WHO SCORES THE MOST TOUCHDOWNS!
WONDER YOU COULDN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND! JUST LIKE A WOMAN!
SAY — WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS? TELL HER SHE'S LUCKY IF SHE GOES TO THE DANCE WITH THE WATER BOY!
MR COFFEE NERVES

SNAP INTO IT, DEXTER! WAKE UP! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE MISSED A TACKLE!
HUH! IF YOU'D LOST AS MUCH SLEEP AS I HAVE LATELY, YOU WOULDN'T EVEN BE ABLE TO STAND UP!
RATS! ASK HIM IF HE THINKS FOOTBALL IS STILL THE DUMB GAME IT WAS IN 1910!

CAN'T GIELP, EH? HAVE YOU BEEN BREAKING MY 'NO COFFEE' RULE?
WELL, WHAT IF I HAVE? COFFEE NEVER HURT ME! BESIDES, I NEED A HOT DRINK!
SURE YOU DO! WHY, WITH YOUR INDIGESTION, HE'D BE TAKING A REST CURE!!
PLAYERS ONLY
MR COFFEE NERVES

WELL, WE LOST THE FIRST GAME, IN SPITE OF TONY'S TOUCHDOWN — AND YOU WEREN'T EVEN ON THE FIELD! WHY DID THE COACH BENCH YOU?
OH, JUST FOR BREAKING ONE MEASLY TRAINING RULE!
TELL HER TO KEEP OUT OF THIS! WHEN DID SHE START COACHING FOOTBALL, ANYWAY?
MR COFFEE NERVES

BUT WOULDN'T HE GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE IF YOU PROMISED NOT TO BREAK TRAINING ANY MORE?
YEAH — HE SAID TO CUT OUT COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM AND HE'D TAKE ME BACK, BUT THAT'S A LOT OF BUNK!
TELL HER THE COACH DID YOU A FAVOR! NOW YOU WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO HER NAGGING AT THE DANCE!!

WELL — IF YOU WANT TO SEE ME ANY MORE, YOU BETTER DO AS THE COACH SAID! I DON'T LIKE A QUITTER!
IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY — I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL TRY IT!
CURSES! I'M LICKED! POSTUM ALWAYS RUNS ME OUT OF BOUNDS!
Paul ARTHUR

30 DAYS LATER
WELL — HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HIGH-SCORING CHAMPION OF THE STATE?
FINE! BUT THEN, I'VE FELT LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS EVER SINCE I SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

**MONEY-BACK OFFER!**

Children should never drink coffee. And...the caffein in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too! If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly . . . and if caffein is to blame, take advantage of this money-back offer!

Buy Postum at your grocer's. Drink it instead of coffee for 30 days. If, at the end of that time you do not feel better, return the top of the Postum container to General Foods, Battle Creek, Michigan... and we will cheerfully refund the full purchase price ...plus postage!

**A safe and satisfying drink!**

Try Postum for 30 days. It contains no caffein — no stimulant of any kind. Postum is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. You may miss coffee at first but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying, full bodied flavor.

Ask for Postum Cereal, the kind you boil for Instant Postum made instantly in the cup. Either way, Postum is delicious, easy to make, economical, and may prove a real help. Postum is a product of General Foods.

EYEWITNESS To Comics History

# The Reminiscences of John Wheeler:

# NEWSPAPERMAN

The late John Wheeler (1886-1973) was a major pioneer of comic-strip syndication. He began his career at the turn of the century as a sports reporter on the old *New York Herald*. He entered syndication by ghosting the serialized biography of baseball legend Christy Mathewson, and later enticing Bud Fisher to take his *Mutt and Jeff* from Hearst. He also featured Fontaine Fox, Richard Harding Davis, Ring Lardner, Winston Churchill, and Ernest Hemingway among his more famous stable of writers and artists. After founding the Wheeler Syndicate in 1913, he began a new operation, the Bell Syndicate (using his mother's maiden name) in 1916; later syndication responsibilities were connections with the North American Newspaper Alliance, the Associated Newspapers, Consolidated News Features, the McClure Syndicate, and United Feature Syndicate. This colorful and influential syndication manager called his business "selling other men's brains," and he is credited with instituting the system of distributing a wide variety of news and entertainment features to newspapers. At the height of its influence and prestige in 1930, the *New York World* was Wheeler's major client. Wheeler desired to call his autobiography simply *Newspaperman*, but his publisher changed the title of his 1961 memoirs *I've Got News For You*, from which these excerpts are taken. —*REM*

## Bud Fisher—Cartoonist

The first time I saw Bud Fisher was in a little office on West Forty-fifth street, New York, in 1913. Bill MacBeth, a sports writer on the old *American* and a friend, had told me the cartoonist's contract with Hearst was running out shortly, and Fisher wanted to make a move. *Mutt and Jeff* was the best-known and most widely published comic of that time.

Fisher was a dapper, cocky little guy who was not impressed by my approach. After I told him we would like to make a contract with him, he got right to the point.

"How do I know I am going to get my money?" he asked brusquely.

"You know Ty Cobb, don't you, and John McGraw and Christy Mathewson? Ask them if they get paid. They write for us.

"What do I care about those dumb ballplayers?" he replied.

All art from collection of Mel Marschi

John Wheeler.

Then he invited me to go up to his apartment at Riverside Drive and Ninety-sixth Street. He introduced me to his wife, Pauline. I thought she was one of the prettiest and most charming girls I had ever seen. We continued to mumble along about a deal. Finally, I said, "Suppose we put the first year's guarantee in the bank in your name? Would that satisfy you?"

For the first time his eyes brightened and his ears pricked up. "Sure, it would," he answered.

Well, to make a long story longer, we finally signed a contract by which he got 60 per cent of the revenue and a guarantee of $1000 weekly. He had been drawing $300 a week from Hearst.

But it wasn't all as simple as that. For the only time in my life a bank turned me down on a loan. I haven't asked for one since. My proposition was that I would show them contracts with reputable newspapers which would exceed $1000 weekly. I asked for a loan of $50,000, the money to remain in the bank except for the payments to Fisher, and we would deposit all the revenue.

"Never heard of such a proposition," said the banker as he turned to answer the telephone.

Florence White was then general manager of the *New York World*, a wonderful gentleman who later became a friend of mine and a valued adviser. The *World* had previously tried to hire Fisher away from Hearst and might have done so except for a slight slip. Bud, still single at that time, was stuck on a girl named Peaches who happened to be in his apartment alone one afternoon when the telephone rang. She answered it.

"Is Mr. Fisher there?" asked a female voice.

"Who wants him?" demanded Peaches.

"Florence White," came the reply.

"Well, he doesn't want to speak to her," she chapped and hung up the telephone. Of course, it was Mr. White's secretary calling Bud. It cost the cartoonist several hundred dollars a week, temporarily.

When the bank turned me down, I approached Mr. White and asked him if the *World* would underwrite the contract, provided I could show him agreements with big newspapers which would cover the guarantee. He agreed. After I told Bud Fisher about it, he accepted the proposition, and we signed a contract. This was the beginning of a friendship which proved to be pretty turbulent through the years. However, before he died in 1954 he made me the executor of his estate, so our relationship lasted until the end.

As soon as the Hearst people found out Fisher was going to quit, the art director started a man named Ed Mack drawing imitations of *Mutt and Jeff* which Hearst expected to syndicate as soon as Bud's contract ran out. This started a suit that made new law and in which we won a complete victory.

Fighting the Hearst organization was no easy job. No holds were barred. The *Sunday American* had already printed a comic section with the imitation *Mutt and Jeff* page in it before we got our injunction. Fisher and I armed ourselves with certified copies and proceeded to serve these personally on distributors and news dealers who already had received the comic section to stuff into the paper. The *American* appeared in the metropolitan area without any Sunday comics for the only time.

When we won the lawsuit and stopped the Hearst syndicate from putting out an imitation, Bud, who was always an opportunist, hired Ed Mack as his assistant, in which capacity Mack continued until he died.

Bud Fisher was one of the old school of cartoonists who were known as sun dodgers because they hated the daylight. Other members were Tad Dorgan, Hype Igoe, and Tom Powers. Fisher once wanted to be a prizefighter and never go over the idea he was one, although at the time of his only professional appearance, a punch on the jaw knocked him out and convinced him a cartoon career was better.

He first tried his luck in San Francisco, but had trouble getting a job on a newspaper. In consequence, he dug up an idea which he managed to sell to several merchants. He would draw a cartoon of the proprietor of a shop and stick the cartoon in the show window. The cartoon would carry some such caption on it as: "Meet Joe Peck—the best hatter in town."

Charles P. Young was managing editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* at that time, and he finally gave Fisher a job drawing layouts in the art department. Then, in 1907, Fisher began doing a race-track tipping strip with only Mr. Nutt in it at first. Jeff joined the team later.

Tad Dorgan and Bud used to travel the saloon trail together. The former had lost most of his right hand in an accident while a boy in San Francisco, so he was a one-punch guy. If he missed, he was through.

One night the two were in a joint called Marshall's when Tad excused himself because he suddenly decided he didn't like some of the other customers. He walked down the aisle swinging without warning, and soon surprised patrons were spinning off their chairs. The proprietor knew the two cartoonists and quieted things down without the help of the police. But several of the angry victims waited outside.

Tad telephoned Joe Bannon, then circulation manager of the *Journal*, saying he needed assistance. Joe dispatched several gorillas, who worked in his department, as an escort. Fisher and Dorgan departed in triumph and unscathed. But they made the mistake of going to a saloon called Dowling's at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-third Street. They were enjoying a glass of beer there when three or four of their late adversaries, following their trail, entered, spotted them, and attacked. Tad let go one punch, missed, and ducked.

"The next thing I knew," reported Bud, "a couple of them had me bent backwards over the bar and were pushing me up and down and punching me. I looked around for Tad, expecting him to help me. He was at the free lunch counter, picking up an olive here and a sardine there, paying no attnetion to me and pretending I was a stranger. Finally, the bartender pulled them off before I got killed."

On one or two occasions, I was the victim of Bud's impetuous belligerency. We were with Ed Barrow, later with the Yankees as general manager, and Guy Viskniskki in the old Waldorf bar one evening doing a little shopping. Fisher decided to invite a couple of girls for dinner, so he called up and told them to wait for us. Time moved on, as it does in bars, and it got to be 10:30.

"We'd better cancel the dinner date," I suggested.

"Oh, no, they'll wait," Bud answered with his customary assurance.

In my old Chalmers car, we drove up to this apartment house on West Forty-Fourth Street where one of the young ladies lived. We missed Barrow, but thought nothing of it at the time. As we walked into the hall, a big, burly janitor stopped us, demanding to know what we wanted. We explained we were calling for Miss Dixon and started for the elevator.

"Go on and walk up," he said, refusing to budge. So I did three flights, leaving Fisher alone. Naturally, I did not get a very friendly reception after I had rung the bell, for Miss Dixon had retired for the night, and the other young lady had departed. Also Miss Dixon began to bawl me out as I deserved.

"Oh, I've got a better fight than this downstairs," I said, and she slammed the door.

I didn't know how true my remark was, for when I descended, I found Fisher and the janitor in a red-hot argument. The janitor welcomed me with this remark: "As for you, you big sonofabitch, I'll throw you out, too."

I turned one loose and caught him just right. Down he went and Fisher jumped on top of him, grabbed him by the lapels, and punched him as he kept pulling his head up. The janitor began to holler for help and soon tenants were rushing from doors in various costumes, and some woman screamed, "They are killing Pat."

"Bud," I urged, "we had better get the hell out of here."

We did and walked down to a corner saloon to freshen up. Soon we heard a rumble like an approaching stage mob, and Pat, the janitor, walked in, bleeding a little, with a cop, followed by several other supporters.

"There they are," someone shouted, pointing to us. The cop put a hand on each of us and started hustling us toward the door.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the West Forty-seventh Street police station," he answered.

"Why not ride? I have a car."

The cop agreed. The lieutenant behind the desk greeted us and took our names. When he recognized Bud Fisher, he looked at the policeman and said, "Why did you arrest these men? I don't see any complainant. You fellows had better get out of here."

Naturally there was no complainant as Pat was walking. But as we headed for the door, Pat came in with his followers and registered a complaint, so we were stuck. The friendly lieutenant agreed to hold Fisher while I went out and hustled some bail. When I returned I found Bud in the back room playing dominoes with the cops. He had won two dollars.

The next morning we had to appear in a Magistrate's Court, but Pat was too sick to show up, and we were released, but that was not the end of it. Pat hired a slick lawyer and sued us for something like $100,000 for the damage we had done to his person. We managed to dodge subpoena servers for about two years, and then one day a smart one caught us. We finally settled for $500.

Ed Barrow turned up in a park in Brooklyn, a policeman tapping on his feet with his night stick. He could never explain how he got there.

When Fisher was working for Hearst, a man named S.S. Carvalho was the general manager and a very fine gentleman. In fact, he testified during the litigation that he had assured Fisher if he ever left the *American* he would have the rights to *Mutt and Jeff*, and this helped us to win the case.

But even before the lawsuit Bud was trying to get out of his contract to accept a better offer from the *World*. Mr. Carvalho was away on a vacation when the cartoonist, who usually delivered his drawings by messenger, visited the old offices in William Street. An old gentleman, named E.H. Clarke, was acting as general manager. He spotted Fisher smoking a cigarette. There was a rule against smoking because of the inflammable nature of the shabby structure.

"Young man," Clarke said, "do you work here?"

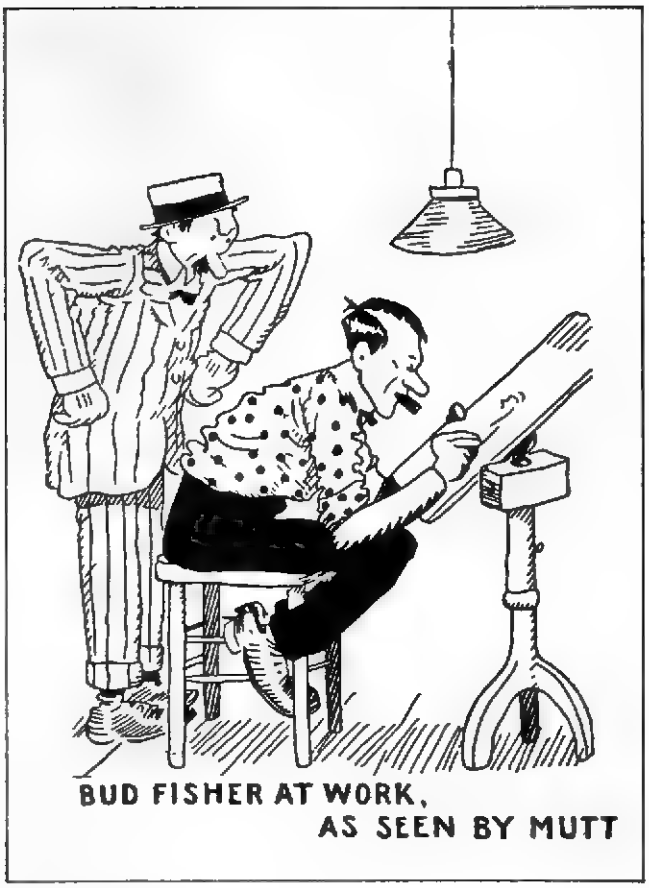
"Yes," answered Bud.

"Don't you know we have a rule against smoking?"

Bud nodded his head, taking a long drag on the cigarette and blowing out the smoke. "What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"Well," came the stern reply, "we usually discharge our employees who violate the rule."

"Mister," answered Fisher, "I don't know who the hell you are,




**Self-caricature, 1910.**

but if you will fire me and make it stick, I will meet you here at 3 o'clock this afternoon and give you five thousand dollars in cash."

Fisher's life was full of crises, most of which he made himself. He was a strange contrast of shrewdness and stupidity about his own affairs. By his guts and independence, he probably did more to make the cartoon business for his more cowardly confreres than anyone else who has ever been in it. Yet he squandered his own life and was a very unhappy man.

The greatest crisis came when Pauline and he separated. He blamed his mother-in-law, which was only an excuse. His wife moved to a hotel. One of the big theatrical producers of that day was in love with her and wanted to marry her. The producer decided to hire Val O'Farrell, an ex-cop who ran a detective agency, to follow Bud and get the evidence necessary for a divorce, and while marking time, arranged for Pauline to play a week at Hammerstein's Victoria vaudeville theater. Fisher, seeing the billing, went to the show one night, and then proceeded to the stage door.

"How about going over to the Knickerbocker Hotel and having a drink and something to eat?" he asked Pauline.

Being beautiful and weak, she accepted. They had supper and some champagne together and some memories. One word led to another until they proceeded to the desk and registered as Mr. and Mrs. Bud Fisher. The detectives had been following them, so the first lady they caught the cartoonist with was his own wife. Of course, the reconciliation didn't last long and the romance with the producer also blew up. She went back to Baltimore to live. Whenever I would visit that city, I would look her up. She still had her charm and beauty, but they were fading, helped along by some snorts of bootleg gin.

In the meantime, Fisher had gone to Europe. He had planned to return on a Cunard boat, but became restless in Paris and decided to switch to the *Leviathan*. Captain Hartley, a dashing sea dog, invited him to sit at his table, and Fisher found himself next to a lady with an accent, named the Countess de Beau-

**A group of Mexican troops including Raul Madero (in uniform), brother of Francisco Madero, former president of Mexico; Bud Fisher (in center), with the cowboy hat; Wheeler, looking like a dude (at right). Rough character, second from left, is Madero's bodyguard.**

mont. When they reached New York, they announced their engagement on the dock.

This sudden romance surprised me, since Bud had known many women. I called him up, and he confirmed it and even brought the Countess into the office to meet me. Of course, I had to approve. If I hadn't they would have wed anyhow and agreed I was an S.O.B. They sailed back on the return voyage of the *Leviathan* and were married on the bridge by Captain Hartley.

But it didn't take. I believe they lived together about four months and were legally separated in 1924. She received $400 a week alimony until Fisher died in 1954. Then, as his widow, she claimed and got 62.5 per cent of the estate which amounted to about $1,000,000, although quite a sum was chewed up in taxes. Bud hadn't paid any for four or five years before his death, so there were interest and penalties. He didn't believe in income taxes.

To show what kind of a girl Pauline was, when Fisher was engaged in litigation with the Countess, and she was trying to get his eye teeth, Bud's lawyer, a man named Charles Kelley, asked me to call Pauline in Baltimore and try to persuade her to come to New York to give some routine testimony. Incidentally, when Fisher and she split up, she settled for a paltry $25,000. I got her on the telephone and explained what I wanted.

"Listen, John," she said, "I'm not going to lie too much for Bud."

She was willing to lie a little for old times' sake. I assured her we didn't want her to commit perjury. She came and testified—a swell girl.

Her ending was sad and unhappy. She went downhill fast, and one morning was found dead. She had told me about a man living in Washington who was in love with her but was married. His wife knew nothing about the romance until the tragic ending. He looked at Pauline in her coffin and was so shocked he fell over and died beside it. This was the first his widow knew Pauline and he were even acquainted.

How Fisher got into horse racing is typical of his character and stubbornness. We were living in Yonkers at the time. One Saturday afternoon Bud, Herbert Bayard Swope [editor of the *New York World*], and I went to the Empire City track. After adding up my winnings, I invited them back for a drink at my house. On a recent trip to London, we had hired an Irish girl to come back and work for us. She had some idea that, if she could get to America, she wouldn't have any trouble marrying a millionaire. She is still single, as far as I know. Anyway, she wasn't any Marilyn Monroe to start with.

Her name was Kathleen, and she had been a bartender, too, in the Savoy Hotel. She began to mix up cocktails for my guests. Fisher remarked he was leaving for Saratoga the next day for the summer meeting.

"I will give you a letter to George Bull, the secretary," said Swope. "To see that you are properly taken care of at the track."

Whereupon, Swope sat down and wrote a very effusive note, saying Bud was America's greatest cartonist and his drawings appeared in the *New York World*. He asked Bull to provide him with press badges, clubhouse privileges and any others available. In fact, Swope requested Bull to do everything he could for Fisher but pick winners. Fisher thanked him and stuffed the note in his pocket. Then they left for New York in style, in the cartoonist's big Rolls Royce, very friendly and full of Kathleen's potent cocktails.

It was a few days later I heard the sequel. Fisher was living at Riverside Drive and Eighty-sixth Street then. Swope had a date with his wife at the Ritz at 7:30 and was already half an hour late and impatient.

"Bud," he said when they arrived at Eighty-sixth Stret, "I want to take your car to meet my wife."

"No," replied the artist, "I have to send it for my mother. I will get you a taxi."

This ruffled Swope. "No thanks," he answered indignantly. "I can take care of my own taxi."

He started off. It was a very hot night in midsummer. He couldn't find a cab, but he did pass a Western Union office. By this time he was burned up. He stepped inside and wrote the following telegram to George Bull: "If Bud Fisher presents a letter to you from me, pay no attention to it. He is well able to take care of his own race-track privileges."

When Bud presented the letter, Bull showed him the wire.

The spunky cartoonist was not one to take this slap and lie down and roll over. He composed a reply to Swope as follows: "You ought to challenge Harry K. Thaw for the egomania championship of the world, but out of sportmanship give him a handicap." (For the benefit of younger readers, Thaw was a rich crackpot who shot Stanford White and later went to Mateawan State asylum for the insane.)

Fisher promptly got this shot in return, signed Swope: "I acknowledge you are an authority on egomania, but what the hell do you know about sportsmanship?"

That exchange set off a feud which lasted for a couple of years. Fisher immediately went out and bought two or three racehorses so he would get an owner's badge. This eventually proved an expensive undertaking, for the size of his stable grew over the years, and he wasn't too successful. Once he was in Europe, and the trainer ran out of money, so we advanced it to the tune of $10,000 a month.

However, he had some winners. He owned a filly, Nelly Morse, named after his mother. He was on a ship on his way back from Europe when his trainer, Alex Gordon, entered her in the Preakness without Fisher's knowing it. She won, so when Bud landed he found a check for $50,305 waiting for him, as I recall the amount.

Meanwhile, the feud with Swope simmered. I would go to the track occasionally and be with one when the other would come along. They passed each other like strangers. One day after a year or more I got fed up. It was during Prohibition, and Fisher and I met in the bar after the last race. Fisher had an ornate flask which didn't contain cologne water.

Swope strode in. I walked up to him. "Listen, Herbert," I said, "I'm tired of you two fatheads putting on this kind of a silly show. Whey don't you shake hands and forget it?"

"It's all right with me," he said. We went over to Bud.

"How about giving Herbert a drink?" I suggested.

Bud pulled out his flask, and they shook hands. Then Mars Cassidy, the starter, came up. Swope introduced Fisher to him. "How about a drink for Mars?" he said.

"Sorry," answered Bud, "but I'm all out."

We rode back in Fisher's Rolls Royce. On the way we got a flat tire, and while waiting for the chauffeur to change it, the cartoonist pulled out his flask.

"Let's have a drink," he said.

"Thought you told Cassidy you were empty," said Swope.

"Sure, I did. What's the use of wasting my liquor on him when he's half a mile across the track and don't know which horse I'm betting on?"

Fisher afterwards named a horse for Swope, and he turned out to be a pretty good kind of a colt. He once named one for me, too, but the horse got a sore throat and had to have a tube put in it after his first start, so he couldn't run again, which probably saved me a lot of money.

Below I mention the prisoner's gun given to cartoonist Bud Fisher, creator of *Mutt and Jeff*, by Pancho Villa. Now occasionally, when Bud was feeling good, he would get out this souvenir and have target practice in his apartment. He was living in an old-fashioned place, since torn down, called the Alps. One evening I stopped to see him. It happened to be my birthday, so we celebrated a little, and along about 2 in the morning we got to arguing as to whether the United States was prepared for war. This was before we entered the first one.

Bud got out his old equalizer, loaded it, and took aim at a dried coconut on the mantle. He hit it squarely and then selected other targets. Of course, the shots could be heard all through the quiet building, and naturally the tenants complained. Pretty soon the superintendent called up and told the tenant there would have to be less noise in his apartment.

"You're too damn strict around here," answered Fisher. "It is getting so you can't shoot off a pistol in your own place at 4 in the morning without someone complaining. I will move out tomorrow."

"You bet you will," said the man. And he did.

A little later, Bud was occupying a sumptuous apartment on fashionable Riverside Drive. One of his guests was a very pretty girl, named Gertrude something, who was fond of Bud. Another was a man named Eddie Harden, who made a precarious living by always agreeing with Bud and getting small handouts. It was a very hot summer night, and Gertrude was in the kitchen cooking some scrambled eggs and bacon. Fisher produced his six-shooter and began firing at various targets, but not his guest. Suddenly he turned to Eddie.

"Lie down, and I'll pretend I shot you," he said. He smeared some ketchup on Eddie's white shirt to make it look like blood.

Naturally Gertrude rushed in when she heard the shooting.

"My God, I have shot Eddie," Bud announced. "You get out, and I will call the police."

She didn't give in that easy. "No," she insisted, "I will put a bottle by his hand and swear he attacked you, and you fired in self-defense."

The argument continued well into the night, and then we all fell asleep, including the victim on the floor by an open window. In the morning we couldn't wake him, for he was a sound sleeper.

"Maybe we did shoot Eddie last night," said Bud.

We spent a few anxious minutes until Eddie finally came to with a hard cold.

Another episode I recall began at a gathering place in New York called Doyle's pool and billiard parlor, run by the genial Jack Doyle. This was the headquarters for a lot of newspapermen of that period. One of the members of the crowd stopped in on his way home from the psychiatric ward in Bellevue. A companion began to question him about his experience and

**ONE THAT GOT AWAY—Humorist Will Rogers, pictured by cartoonist Nate Collier.** (ABOVE AND OVERLEAF).

his mental balance. He reached in his pocket and produced a document.

"This certifies I am sane," he announced proudly, showing it around. "Can you show anything like that?"

"I guess you got me there," replied his friend, ruefully.

Pool was a favorite pastime, and Tad, Bud Fisher, and some of the other boys used to gamble at it and play until 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning. I was never very good. There is an old saying that a good pool player is the sign of a misspent youth.

I had a date with an eye doctor at 10 one morning, and realizing he would put drops in my eyes so I would have to sit blind for a time, I suggested to Bud Fisher that he go along. I wanted a companion. He cheerfully agreed. We went to Doyle's for a little entertainment, and along about 2 in the morning, I said to Bud, "Come on. We had better go home and get some sleep. We have to get our eyes measured for glasses tomorrow morning."

"Oh, to hell with that," he answered. "I want to be fitted with cheaters so I can see when I am tight."

Next day, when the nurse put the belladonna in our eyes, Bud entertained the rest of the room with such remarks as: "There goes my bankroll. Somebody just took my watch."

Notwithstanding, the glasses worked fine for years.

In 1920, the Bell Syndicate had an all-star cast of characters lined up to report the Republican gathering in Chicago and the Democratic meeting in San Francisco. Our starters were Ring Lardner, Jimmy Montague, Irvin Cobb, and Sam Blythe, a political pundit of that day who wrote regularly for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Bud Fisher, the cartoonist, went along for the ride. It was a tough, temperamental bunch to handle and maintain harmony.

This was before F.D.R., and thrift was regarded as a virtue. I hired one drawing room to be occupied by Bud Fisher, Irvin Cobb, and myself. The first clash came the evening of our departure. Cobb was living in Ossining and got on the train at Har-

**INAUGURAL PARADE—Collier's cartoon reference is to Will Rogers's comic campaigns for president, and the daughter of "Princess" Alice Roosevelt.**

mon, about 40 miles from New York. The other boys had been hitting it up a little already, even though it was during Prohibition. After dinner Irvin and I decided to go to bed while Fisher and Lardner adjourned to the club car forward. I suggested that my famous writer occupy the lower berth, and I would take the upper, leaving the comfortable sofa for Fisher.

Along about 3 in the morning I was awakened by all the lights being turned on. Bud had found the drawing room with some difficulty. He was addressing his remarks to Cobb.

"Well," he demanded, "who decided to make you the star and give you the lower berth? So you are Irvin Cobb, are you? I never met you before tonight but, if first impressions are worth anything, mine of you is lousy."

"Shut up, young fellow, and go to bed," grumbled Cobb.

I kept quiet, pretending I was asleep and letting out a little snore once in a while as a convincer. I didn't want to get mixed up in it. Finally things quieted down. When I woke the next morning, Fisher was asleep on the couch with his high collar, tie, and all his clothes still on. I found out later they had entertained the conductor in the club car, inviting him to have a few drinks which he declined on the ground he was on duty.

"I make more in a week than you do in a year," boasted Fisher. Then they tried to get the conductor to bring the engineer back for a snort and let the fireman take charge.

They were three hectic weeks since Cobb and Blythe didn't like each other and neither did Fisher and Lardner. Ring had heavy going all the way through. He finally made a remark which came back to plague him many times and which he lived to regret. One night he said, "Irvin Cobb likes to spend an evening at home with his books, of which he has one complete set."

Cobb heard about it later and never forgave Ring. It's too bad since Lardner didn't really mean it. He was sarcastic when drinking but fundamentally kind.

Once when Bud Fisher was spending a month in Saratoga, he telephoned me he had a horse, Hyperion, which he was putting in a $5000 claiming race. He had hired Earl Sande, the outstanding jockey, to ride him. He couldn't lose and the price would be about 8 to 5. Bud urged me to hustle to Saratoga to witness this triumph. I passed the good news along to Ring Lardner who was looking for some easy money at the time, too. We got on the Hudson River night boat with our wives and an automobile and sailed for the Spa.

The next afternoon, I didn't do so good betting on the early races, but I wasn't worried with this ace in the hole.

Before the sixth event, Bud said to me, "Are you behind?"

I nodded.

"Well, bet enough to get even and then some," he advised.

In those days there were oral bookmakers and all you had to do was to write the amount of your wager on a card if the man trusted you. I went to Johnny Walters and bet $500, the most I have ever risked on a horse race. Then I walked to the end of the clubhouse porch to get a view of this spectacle, something I had been waiting for all my life. Fisher bet $10,000. I lit a cigar. The horses were starting up the chute, and the old-fashioned web barrier was used instead of the modern gate.

Like a race-track pro, I put up my glasses to watch things carefully. Sande was on our nag all right. Then the starter sprang the barrier, and Hyperion reared, dumping his star jockey in the middle of the track. The horse ran around without a rider and won easily, but it didn't count. Somebody claimed him, and we all lost our money. The moral is there is no sure thing at the race track.

Fisher had a companion named Harry Friend, who when not "yessing" Bud was a reporter on the *Morning World*. He adhered to the old style. He would rather crawl over a transom to get a story than go through the door, even if unlocked. One August the cartoonist invited Friend to spend his vacation with him at Saratoga. They went to the track every day, and soon the guest was well ahead of the bookies. By the final afternoon, he was a $2400 winner, and began to think he was John W. "Bet-a-Million" Gates.

His luck turned bad in the early races, and then an odds-on favorite came along at something like 2 to 5. Friend wrote out a ticket for $5000 and you've guessed it. The horse was beaten. At the end of the day, his winnings were all gone, and he owed $7500 which he didn't have. After the last event, someone found him out in the infield eating grass. Johnny Walters, the bookmaker, tried to claim he thought Friend was betting for Fisher, but he didn't get far with that. Harry became a retired race goer from then on.

One of my many mistakes was letting Will Rogers, the great comedian, slip through my fingers. He was playing at the New Amsterdam theater in the Ziegfeld Follies where he was making a big hit with his jokes, chewing gum, and rope. He discussed current events, and didn't hesitate to mention such characters as the Prince of Wales and President Coolidge. Ring Lardner took me around to his dressing room one Saturday afternoon. Rogers was pecking away at his typewriter. He said he wanted to write a newspaper feature.

It seemed to me he depended for his success on his props and personality, and I passed up this Sunday feature he was offering. Then he went on a trip to Europe, his first I think, and before he departed, he asked Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, if he could send back brief dispatches reporting his observations. It was agreed the *Times* would pay the cable tolls, and, for the first time, it began to publish a regular humorous feature. Soon, through a competing syndicate, the column was published in hundreds of papers. Here's a sample:

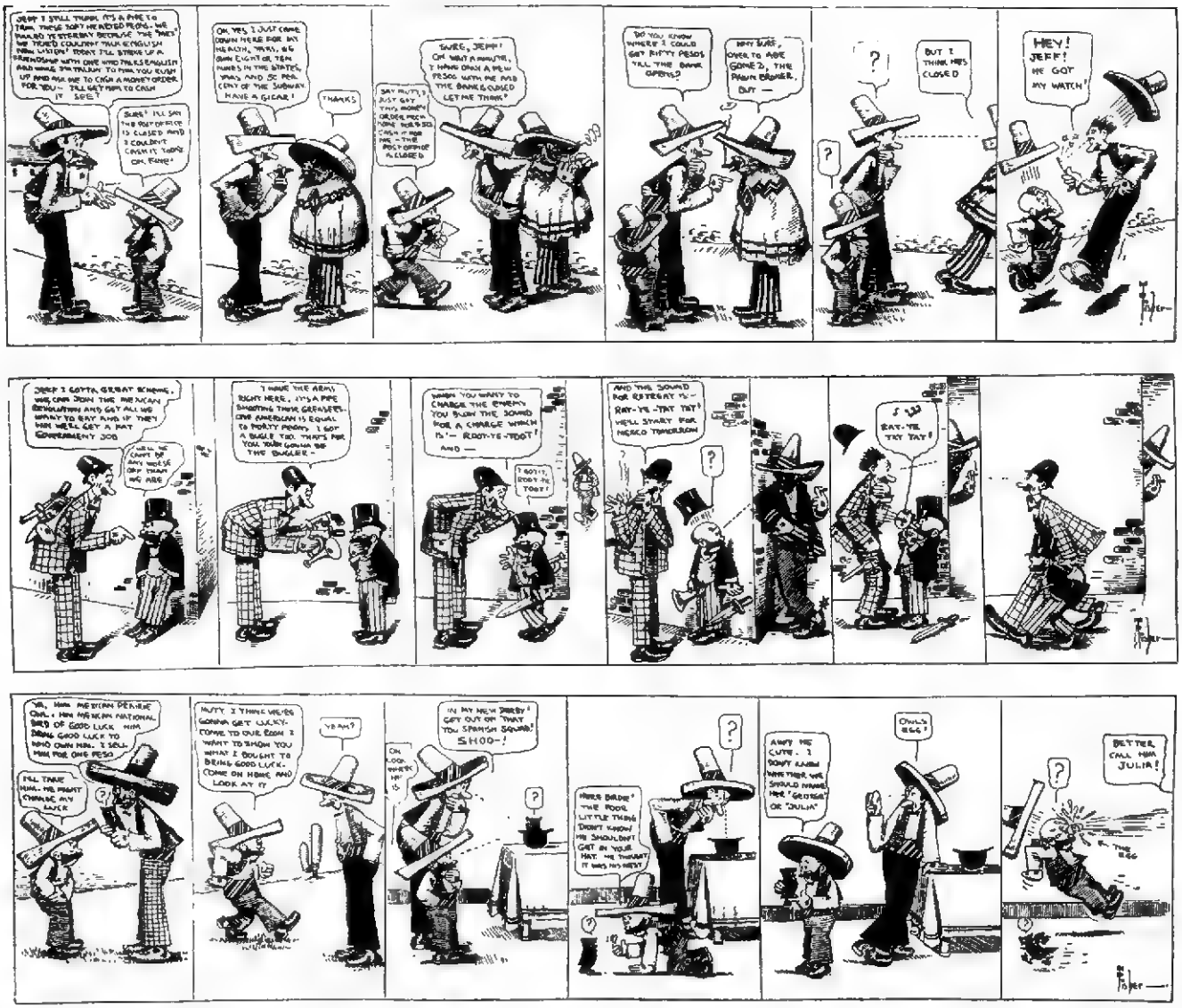
When President Wilson sailed for the Peace Conference in 1919, after the First World War, he was accompanied by Admiral Cary Grayson, who was his personal physician and a fine gentleman. Of course in his job of watching the President's health, the Admiral had done mostly desk duty in the White House. Shortly after the Admiral's arrival in Paris, Rogers sent back the following dispatch:

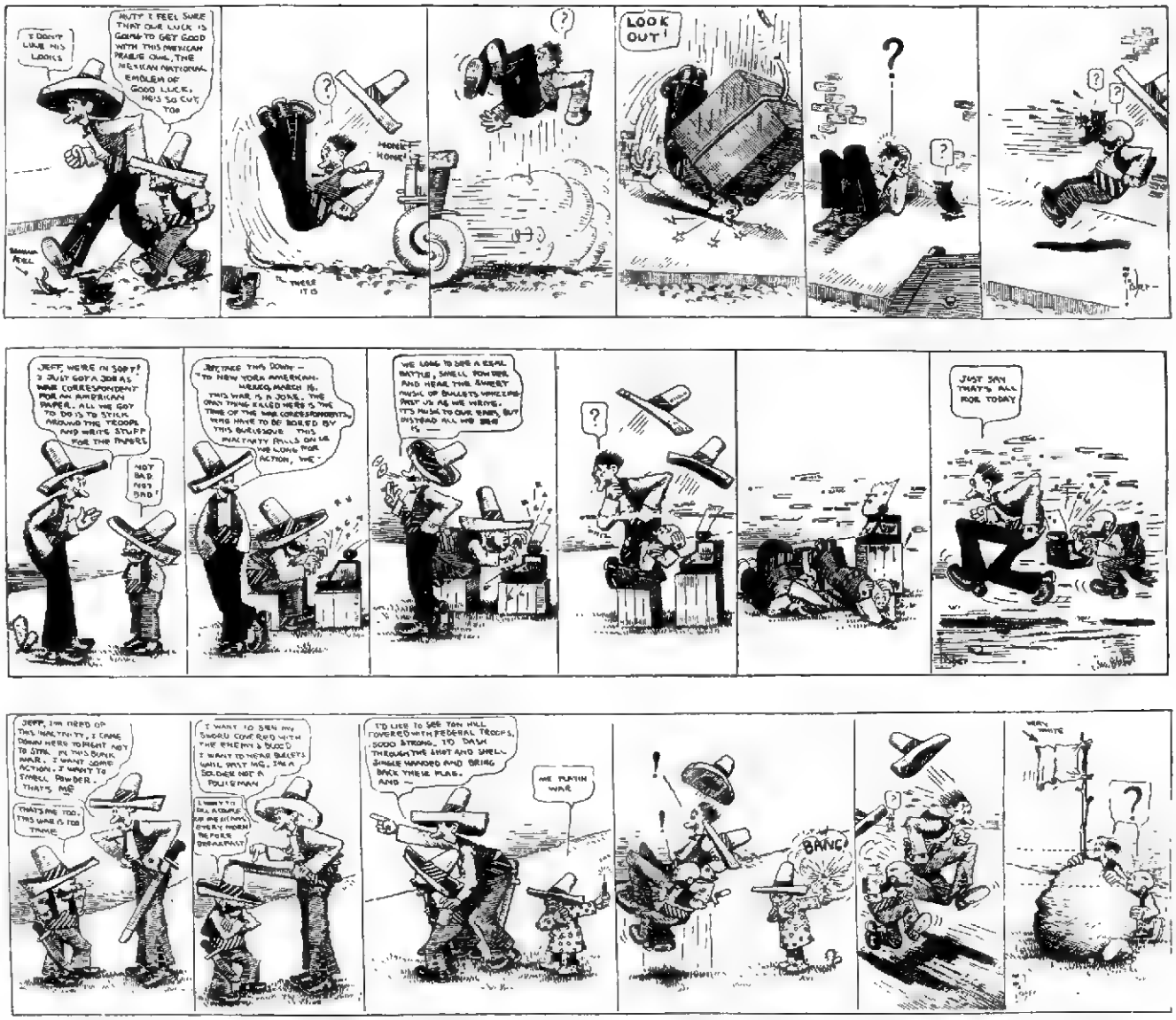
"Admiral Grayson stood his maiden voyage well."

I missed out on signing up Charlie Chaplin for an entirely different reason.

Bud Fisher and I had started a moving picture company to sell rights to distributors in each state for *Mutt and Jeff* in animated cartoons. We rented an office at 727 Seventh Avenue, hired a manager named Harry Grossman, and organized a studio in the Bronx to turn out the weekly product. Business boomed, as I believe this was one of the first animated cartoons.

Then one night Bud and I went to a prizefight in Madison Square Garden, accompanied by Charlie Chaplin, who was then at the peak of his career, and Winnie Sheehan, general manager of the Fox Movie Company. After the fight, Chaplin, Fisher, and


HEY! JEFF! HE GOT MY WATCH!
BUT I THINK HE'S CLOSED
SURE, JEFF! OH WAIT A MINUTE, I HAVE ONLY A FEW PESOS WITH ME AND THE BANKS CLOSED LET ME THINK!
THANKS
OH, YES, I JUST CAME DOWN HERE FOR MY HEALTH, YKNO, AS OWN EIGHTH, TEN MINES IN THE STATES, YKNO, AND 50 PER CENT OF THE SUBWAY. HAVE A CIGAR!
SURE, I'LL SAY THE POLICE IS CLOSED AND I COULDN'T CASH IT THERE OR ENY!
I'LL TAKE HIM.. HE MIGHT CHANGE MY LUCK


I DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS
BUT I FEEL SURE THAT OUR LUCK IS GOING TO GET GOOD WITH THIS MEXICAN PEABLE ONE, THE MEXICAN NATIONAL EMBLEM OF GOOD LUCK. HE'S SO CUTE TOO
MONEY HOME!
LOOK OUT!
JEFF, WE'RE IN SOFT! I JUST GOT A JOB AS WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR AN AMERICAN PAPER. ALL WE GOT TO DO IS TO STICK AROUND THE TROOPS AND WRITE STUFF FOR THE PAPERS
NOT BAD NOT BAD!
BY THE TIME THIS DOWN — TO NEW YORK AMERICAN. MEXICO, MARCH 15. THIS WAR IS A JOKE. THE ONLY THING KILLED HERE IS THE TIME OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS, WHO HAVE TO BE BOILED BY THIS BLISTERING HEAT. THIS INACTIVITY KILLS ON US. WE LONG FOR ACTION, WE —
WE LONG TO SEE A REAL BATTLE; SMELL POWDER AND HEAR THE SWEET MUSIC OF BULLETS WHIZZING PAST US AS WE WRITE. IT'S RUSH TO OUR PAPER, BUT INSTEAD ALL WE SEND IS —
JUST SAY THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY
JEFF, I'M TIRED OF THIS INACTIVITY. I CAME DOWN HERE TONIGHT NOT TO STICK AROUND THE BAR. I WANT SOME ACTION. I WANT TO SMELL POWDER. THAT'S ME
THAT'S ME TOO. THIS WAR IS TOO TAME
I WANT TO SEE MY SWORD COVERED WITH THE ENEMY'S BLOOD. I WANT TO HEAR BULLETS WHIL PAST ME. I'M A SOLDIER NOT A POLICEMAN
I WANT TO BE ABLE TO BRAG TO MY GRANDCHILDREN BEFORE BREAKFAST
I'D LIKE TO SEE TOM HILL COVERED WITH FEDERAL TROOPS, GOOD STRONG, TO DASH THROUGH THE LINE AND SHELL SINGLE HANDED AND BRING BACK THEIR FLAG. AND —
WE MUSTN WAR
BANG!
WAIT

to the city. Dreben was bowing low and jabbering Spanish in his ear. Fisher was duly impressed.

"What's it all about?" he asked me as we got into cars to drive to the Shelton.

"It's for you," I replied. "You are a bigshot."

He agreed. "Who's that guy?" he asked pointing to Dreben.

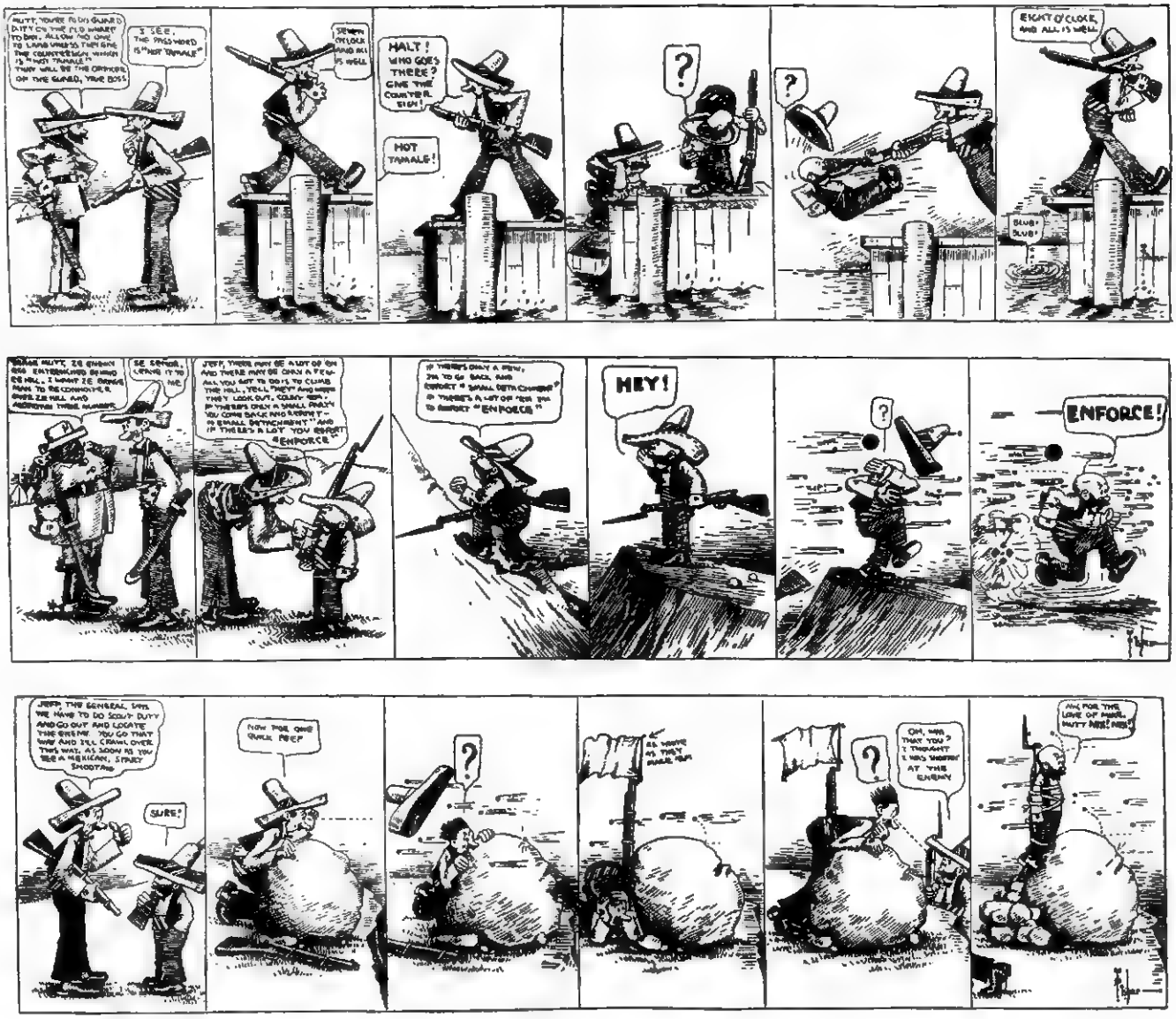
"He's the Mexican consul. Can't speak any English!"

That night we hired a private dining room. The "mayor" made a speech of welcome. Dreben made a speech in Spanish which we all applauded loudly, although actually it was insulting. Finally, Fisher, who of course occupied the head of the table, was called upon. As he stood up, Sam Dreben took dead aim with a baked potato which was still in its skin, with butter. He hit the guest of honor in the kisser just as Fisher opened his mouth to burst into oratory. Then we introduced Sam all around, and Bud took it in good part. He had to. He was up against too many tough guys.

Hippolito Villa, Pancho's brother, had the gambling concession in Juarez, so we all decided to go across the river to see the town. Fisher was playing roulette when a Mexican standing beside him began to reach over and sneak chips off his pile. Bud cracked him over the wrist which touched off a little row. A cop grabbed Fisher, and Dreben punched the policeman and knocked him down. Three or four more came running, and soon Sam was in the sneezer. We located Hippolito Villa, explaining we were guests of his brother, and he sprung our friend promptly.

Meanwhile, Floyd Gibbons of the *Chicago Tribune* had arrived to cover his first war. We invited him to join our crowd which he did with alacrity.

We began to organize our expedition. Harry Stevens had the catering privileges at the Juarez race track, and he generously stocked our car with liquor of all varieties and quantities. Hippolito Villa started up the printing presses and furnished us with 11,000 pesos to finance the trip. We turned this over to Gunther Lessing as treasurer, not knowing whether it was any good or not. Our car was an ordinary, old-fashioned Pullman which had strayed across the border, and the Mexicans had neglected to return it. The smoking room had been converted into a kitchen where a colored fellow named Tom presided. We had everything except *soldaderas* who were part of the standard equipment of Mexican armies in those days. They traveled with the troops and among other duties acted as the commissary.




The first night out we got into an argument and decided to try Gunther Lessing on some trumped-up charge. He was found guilty by a crooked judge, Bud Fisher, and fined the 11,000 pesos. This sum was turned over to me.

Our first important stop was Chihuahua which we reached the next morning. With my bankroll, I thought I would see whether the money was any good. I asked a man where I could buy a Chihuahua dog, but he said he had never heard of the breed. They are for sale on Fifth Avenue in New York.

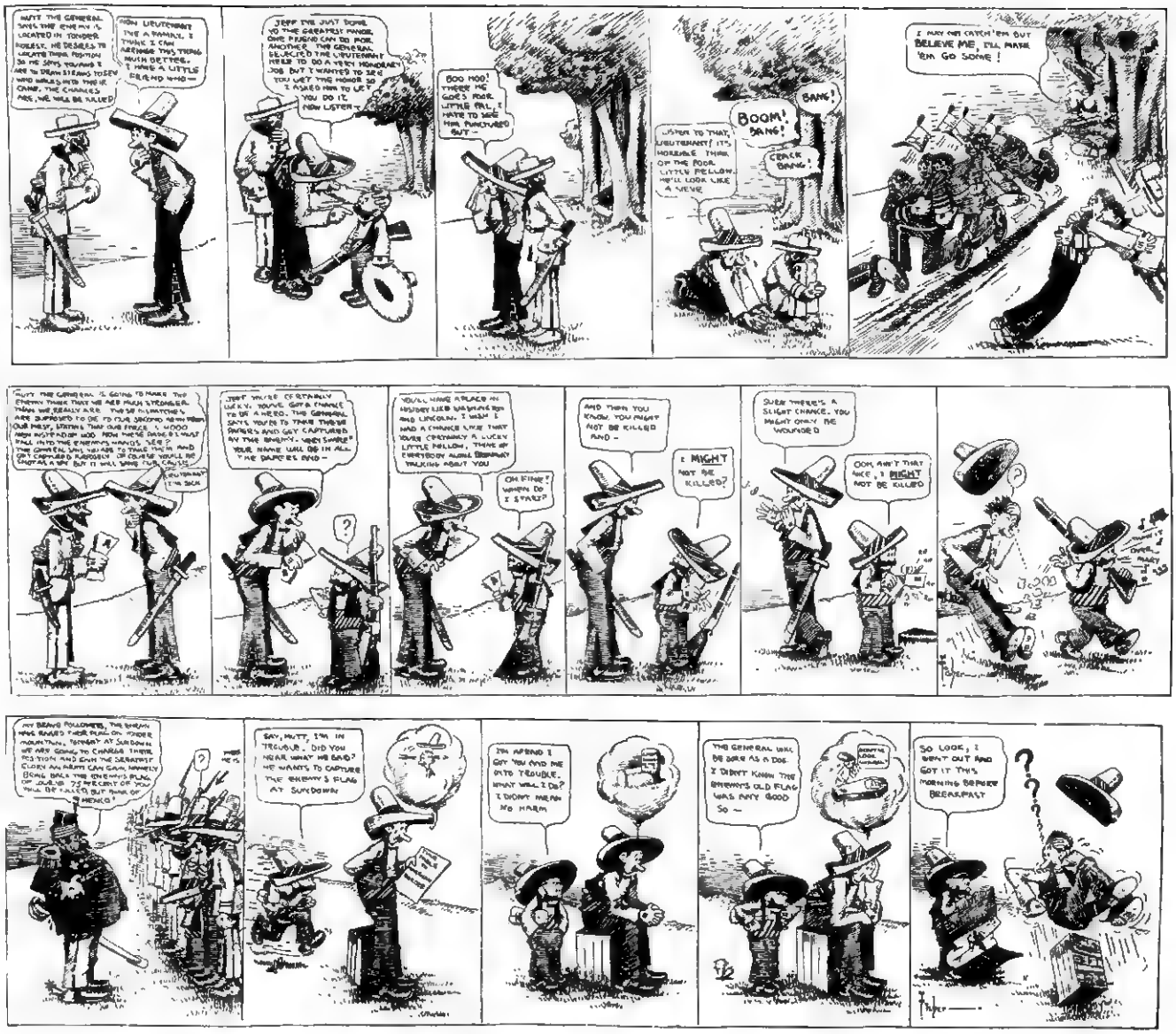
Then I saw a Mexican carrying a very tough-looking rooster under his arm. Our scouts had told us that Villa did not drink or smoke but was fond of cockfights, so I thought I would get a couple of birds to make a good impression when we met him. I tried to ask the owner, in my halting Spanish, how much he wanted for the rooster. He answered something, and I peeled of a 20-peso note. He shoved the gamecock at me before I could change my mind and hurried off. Probably I could have bought a whole barnyard for the price.

We had three or four eating chickens tied by their legs on the platform of the car, the idea being to keep them fresh until Tom was ready to serve them. There wasn't any deep freeze in those days.

Proudly I fastened my gamecock alongside the chickens and explained to my companions what I planned to do. All agreed it was a brilliant idea. After about an hour, I decided to go out to see how my champion was getting along. Much to my chagrin, he was flat on his back, dead as a doornail. The eating chickens had killed him.

We first met Pancho Villa at Torreon. He then had an army of about 50,000 men. The soldiers traveled in boxcars through the courtesy of Pennsylvania, New York, New Haven and Hartford, etc., according to the labels on the sides. The horses occupied the interior of the cars and the *soldados* and *soldaderas* rode on the roofs or on mats shoved underneath on the rods. The women built small fires and cooked frijoles and tortillas, the Mexican staple. Pancho himself traveled in style. He had a private car attached to the end of the train and just forward of this was a boxcar in which were a piano and barber chair. Also, a few dames were on the fringe.

He was one of the most remarkable men I have ever seen. Uneducated, he had animal cunning and amazing cat's eyes. No matter where you were in the room, he always seemed to be looking at you. He was genial enough when on your side, but a bad man if against you or suspicious. Shortly after we joined up, he announced he was going to shoot a prisoner the next morning at daylight and invited us to attend. We asked him to put it off entirely, but failing in that, we got him to agree to delay the matter until 10 o'clock to let us sleep a little later. The next morning, puffing on a cigarette, the man faced the firing squad and died bravely. Villa presented the prisoner's six-


BOOM!
BANG!
CRACK
BANG!
I MIGHT NOT BE KILLED
I MIGHT NOT BE KILLED
SAY, MUTT, I'M IN TROUBLE. DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?
I'M AFRAID I GOT YOU AND ME INTO TROUBLE. WHAT WILL I DO?
SO LOOK, I WENT OUT AND GOT IT THIS MORNING BEFORE BREAKFAST

shooter to Bud Fisher. The victim's name was cut on the butt—Jose Ruiz. In later years, Fisher used the gun occasionally for target practice late at night in his apartment, which resulted in his moving fairly frequently.

On his staff, Pancho Villa had a Major Fierro, also known as "the butcher," who believed he was deadly with a gun. He was in a cafe in Torreon one night when he began to brag about what a good shot he was. There was a Mexican girl sitting across the room, a perfect stranger. She had high combs, according to the style of the country, in the back of her hair.

Fierro pulled out his pistol and boasted he would shoot the ornaments out without hitting her. He took aim, but was a little low, and the bullet struck her in the middle of the forehead. It killed her deader than a mackerel. There was little sympathy for the victim in the crowd, but the Villa followers thought it was a great joke on the Major because he had missed his target.

Also traveling with Villas was his strategist, General Angeles, who had been educated at the French military academy, St. Cyr. Angeles urged his chief to attack and take Tampico, which would cut off the oil supply and money for [Mexican President] Carranza's army. We were en route for this battle through Monterrey.

One night we stopped at a small town in the mountains, and Villa told us he had an American prisoner there who was going to be executed. We asked to see him. He turned out to be a young man named Miner Merriweather, who had gone to Annapolis. He was kicked out for getting into some kind of a fight with a midshipman named Bunce, who died as a result of his injuries.

Merriweather had come to Mexico as a soldier of fortune and joined with Orozco's Red Flaggers. He made the bad mistake of getting captured. Naturally, he was feeling very low when we saw him the hoosegow because he realized what his fate would be.

We returned to Villa's private car. I was made spokesman.

"Why do you execute Merriweather?" I asked. "He is an American."

"He was fighting against me," Villa answered firmly.

"You say you want to be friendy with the United States. Do you think that is any way to accomplish it?"

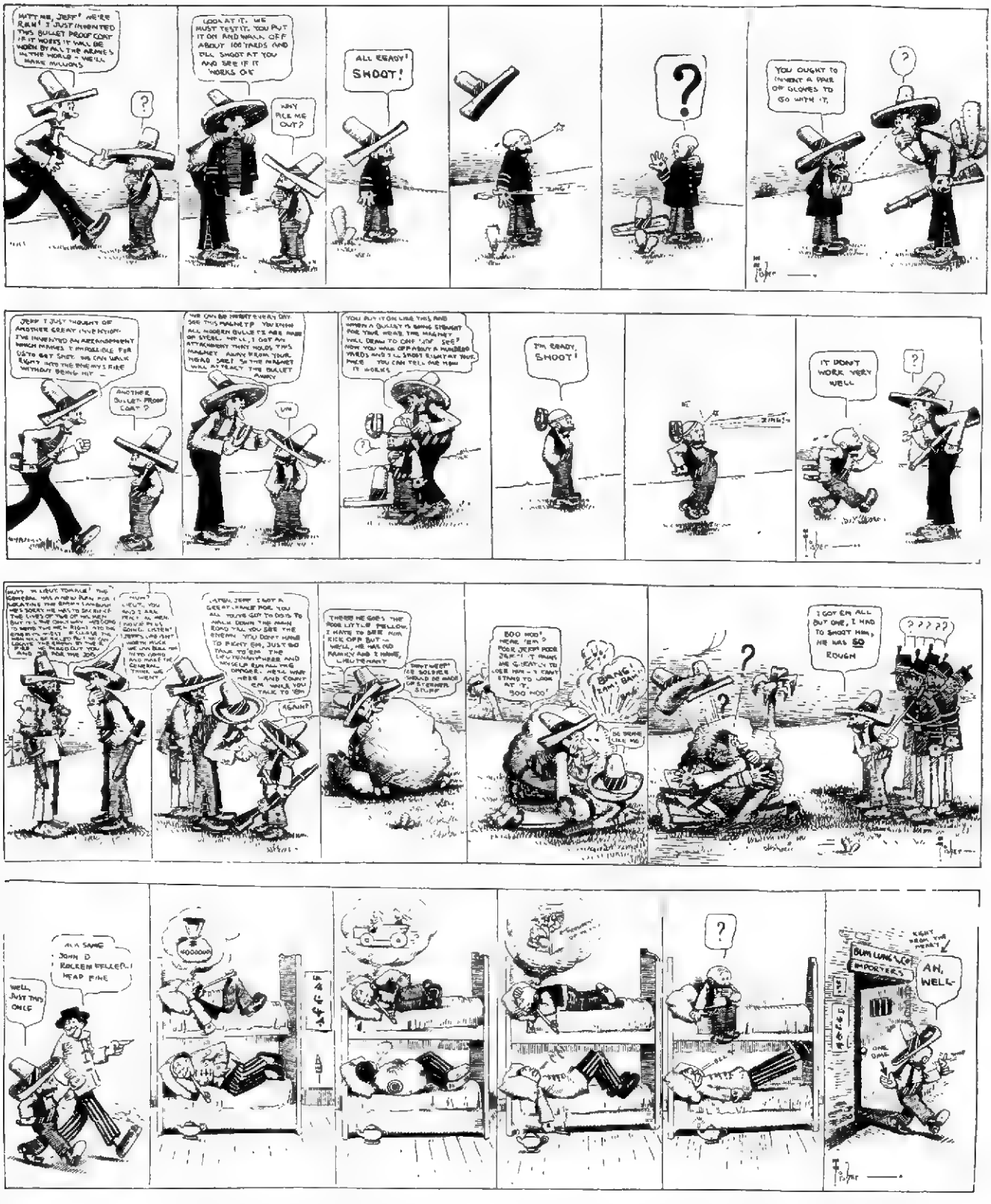
"What else can I do?" he asked.

"Take him to the border and put him across with a warning that if he ever returns to Mexico, he will be shot forthwith."

All this conversation was conducted through an interpreter, Raoul Madero, who was on our side. Villa finally agreed.

Three or four years later, Merriweather came into the office to see me. "You fellows saved my life," he said. "I am most grateful."

There was a rule in the Mexican Army an officer could promote up to his rank. One night Fisher and I were talking to a Major who had gone to the University of Pennsylvania and spoke good English. We expressed some dissatisfaction about hang-


WATCH ME, JEFF! WE'RE RICH! I JUST INVENTED THIS BULLET PROOF COAT IF IT WORKS IT WILL BE WORN BY ALL THE ARMIES IN THE WORLD - WE'LL MAKE MILLIONS
LOOK AT IT. WE MUST TEST IT. YOU PUT IT ON AND WALK OFF ABOUT 100 YARDS AND I'LL SHOOT AT YOU AND SEE IF IT WORKS OK
OKAY PICK ME OUT?
ALL READY! SHOOT!
?
YOU OUGHT TO INVENT A PAIR OF GLOVES TO GO WITH IT.
JEFF I JUST THOUGHT OF ANOTHER GREAT INVENTION - I'VE INVENTED AN ARRANGEMENT WHICH MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR USERS GET SHOT. WE CAN WALK RIGHT INTO THE ENEMYS FIRE WITHOUT BEING HIT —
ANOTHER BULLET PROOF COAT?
WE CAN BE HAPPY EVERY DAY. SEE THIS MAGNET? YOU KNOW ALL MODERN BULLETS ARE MADE OF STEEL. WELL, I GOT AN ATTACHMENT THAT HOLDS THIS MAGNET AWAY FROM YOUR HEAD JUST SO THE MAGNET WILL ATTRACT THE BULLET AWAY
UH
YOU PUT IT ON LIKE THIS AND WHEN A BULLET IS GOING STRAIGHT FOR YOUR HEART, THE MAGNET WILL DRAW TO ONE SIDE SEE? NOW YOU WALK OFF ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS AND I'LL SHOOT RIGHT AT YOUR FACE YOU CAN TELL ME HOW IT WORKS
I'M READY, SHOOT!
ZING!
IT DON'T WORK VERY WELL
?
HUH? WHAT'S ABOUT TO MAKE THE GENERAL WAS A NEW RUN FOR MEXICO THE BRAVE LANDING HE'S SORRY HE HAS TO SEE RIGHT THE LINES OF THE OF MEN BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO WHERE YOU ARE RIGHT INTO THE ENEMY'S FIRE AND MAKE YOU FOR THE JOB
HUH? LIEUT., YOU AND I ARE PRETTY IN MEN I HAVE PLAN GOING. LISTEN! JEFF'S LIKE THAT WHEN MUCH WE CAN BAR NO TIME GIVEN AND MAKE THE GENERAL TIME WE WENT
LISTEN, JEFF I NOT A GREAT IDEA FOR YOU ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS WALK DOWN THE MAIN ROAD TILL YOU SEE THE ENEMY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT 'EM, JUST GO TALK TO 'EM. THE LIEUTENANT HERE AND MYSELF RUN INTO DANGER. WE'LL WAIT HERE AND COVER 'EM WHILE YOU TALK TO 'EM
AGAIN?
THERE HE GOES - THE POOR LITTLE FELLOW. I HATE TO SEE HIM KICK OFF BUT — WELL, HE HAS NO MARKSMANSHIP AND I HAVE, LIEUTENANT
DON'T WEEP! FOR SOLDIERS SHOULD BE MADE OF STRONGER STUFF
BOO HOO! I HATE 'EM? POOR JEFF!! I THINK ME GLEATLY TO LOSE HIM - I CAN'T STAND TO LOOK AT IT. BOO HOO!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
HE DRIVE LIKE ME
I GOT 'EM ALL BUT ONE, I HAD TO SHOOT HIM, HE WAS SO ROUGH
?????
AS A SAMPLE JOHN D ROCKEFELLER, I HEAP FINE
WELL, JUST THIS ONCE
WOOOOOH
ZZZZZZ
?
RIGHT FROM THE HEART
BUM LUMBER IMPORTERS
AH, WELL-
ONE DIME

ing around so long and having no rank. He reached into his pocket and drew out two bright-colored cords to put on our hats.

"You are now Captains," he said.

We saluted and felt pretty good until the next morning. The Major showed up with orders for us to join his command. We gave him back his insignia and resigned.

Things began to go badly for Villa all of a sudden. We were in a couple of small battles which didn't amount to much. As a matter of fact, half the time the enemy was out of range. Then Villa got word General Obregon was moving north toward Torreon. Obregon had once been a close compatriot, but Villa now

"WHY DONT YOU BUILD A CHINA WALL BACK OF SECOND?"
"AND WE - THE POOR PUBLIC-PAY FOR SUCH JUNK AS THIS"
"I'M DONE - NEVER AGAIN - NO MORE ADMISSION CUSH OF MINE"
"WHY MY KID KIN PLAY BETTER BALL THAN YOU FELLERS"
"WHY THEY PLAY BETTER BALL IN MY HOME TOWN - SOUDUNK!! IF YOU MUST KNOW!"
"WHY YOU GEES MUSTA BIN OUT LATE LAST NIGHT!"
"SQUASHES" "QUINCES"
"I'VE READ ABOUT YOUSE GINKS BUT I AINT SEEN 'EM!"
POSH!!
"YOU PLAY LIKE A FLOCK OF OLD MAIDS"
"YOU'RE A PECK O' JOKES"
AN ME LYING TO MY GOOD BOSS TO MAKE TODAY!!
AND YOUSE HOLDIN OUT FOR MORE SALARY
RAWS!
"BUSHLEAGUERS! SURE!!"
NAPOLEON LOST SO MAY WE
CAN YOU BEAT IT?
"I THOUGHT WE WERE GETTIN' GOOD"
"WE'RE ONLY ONE RUN BEHIND - WE'LL MAKE IT UP"
"AN' ME BATTIN' A TWOU FOR 'LEVEN INNIN'S"
"WHY HE SURE MUSTA SEEN THAT ONE-HAND-STOP OF MINE"
"I THOUGHT MY HOME RUN WOULD MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY"
TICKET OFFICE
"GIMME A GOOD SEAT!! FOR THE GAME"
"THAT WAS A BULLY GAME YESTERDAY"
NEXT DAY

**THE NATIONAL SPORT—A classic sports cartoon by "Hype" Igoe, a comic statement on baseball fans, which ran a full half-page in the Hearst papers, ca. 1915.**

hated him. Also, Villa had a girl back in Guadalajara, and it irritated him to think he might be cut off from visiting her. General Angeles argued with Villa, urging him to disregard Obregon except to send a few troops to fight a rear-guard, delaying action and to make the main attack against Tampico.

Villa paid no attention to him. He reversed his whole army and started back to fight Obregon. It was his first major mistake and proves romance and war don't mix.

Fisher and I realized Angeles was right. We visited Villa in his car one evening after fortifying ourselves with a couple of drinks, courtesy of Harry Stevens. By this time, we knew him pretty well, and I had already gotten most of the material for my story. We put it up to him straight.

"General, you are a great leader," said Fisher. "You are a soldier, but what you need are a couple of smart managers who can advise you. You should be on better terms with the United States Government."

Then I chipped in. "We know the newspapers. We could handle your publicity. Make Fisher and me your managers, and we can't lose. We will split Mexico three ways, and there will be plenty for all."

Of course, this statement was made with becoming modesty. Even so, Villa seemed somewhat abashed by it. He thought a minute and then said, "I fight my battles with the sword and not with the pen."

It was a fateful decision, for he wound up behind the eight ball, and Fisher and I lost a third of Mexico apiece.

Villa met his first real defeat in a battle at Celaya where he fought Obregon head on and got the hell kicked out of him. That was the beginning of the long retreat which led to the Columbus raid and the pursuit by General Pershing. When we saw how things were going, we turned tail and headed north.

We were all wearing Villa buttons and his colors on our lapels. One night the train stopped suddenly and, after a brief pause, began to back up. Someone said the Red Flaggers had halted it. We quickly changed our religion. Villa buttons went out the windows or down the john. It turned out, however, that the engineer had dozed off and run past a stop signal. He was reversing himself at top speed to avoid being hit by a locomotive coming in the other direction. We made the siding in time.

We spent a day in Chihuahua as the guests of Villa's legal wife. He had married her when he had gone to Mexico City for Francisco Madero's inauguration. The new President had insisted on it to make the occasion measure up to the best social standards. She was living in a large, ornate house with her young son. She had us all to lunch.

"What do you think of the joint?" I asked Bud Fisher.

"Looks like Nell Brinkley designed it and Hearst built it," he answered. Miss Brinkley was an artist of the day who drew pretty fancy stuff.

We finally got back to El Paso all in one piece, and I wrote the Pancho Villa story which was widely published. It told of his poor youth and how he had to take to the hills because he shot a wealthy Mexican who had ravished his sister. He organized guerrillas, raided haciendas, robbed the rich to feed the poor—a kind of Robin Hood. Villa came to a bad ending, for he was double-crossed and ambushed after being granted amnesty.

A footnote: In 1919 I was on my way to the World Series [to be the "Black Sox" scandal-ridden games]. To while away the hours on the train, Bud Fisher and I told the story of our Mexican adventures to Porter Emerson Browne, who made a play out of them called *The Bad Man*, a great success in which

Holbrook Blinn starred. Browne had never in his life even been to Mexico. And we got none of the royalties.

## Other Memorable Cartoonists

Sol Hess was a Chicago jeweler who liked to associate with newspapermen and pay the tabs, so he was welcome. Among those he met in Stillson's, a hangout for *Chicago Tribune* staffers opposite the old *Tribune* building in the Chicago loop, were Ring Lardner, Clare Briggs, John McCutcheon, and a struggling cartoonist, Sid Smith. Sid was then drawing a strip called *Doc Yak* which was pretty lousy. He didn't care for work and liked to drink and drive his automobile at speeds up to 100 miles an hour. Later there was a club organized with some such title as "I Rode with Sid Smith Once." It had a large membership. Smith finally killed himself in an automobile accident.

When he met Hess, he met a fortune. Hess had a new idea for a strip which combined continuity and humor. It was called *The Gumps* and almost immediately was a great success. Sol wrote the balloons as a labor of love and for the privilege of hanging around with the newspaper crowd. Smith, however, made one big mistake. When his contract ran out with the *Tribune*, he held out for big figures and got them, as well as a Rolls Royce for a bonus. Then he offered Hess $200 a week to continue to write the comic. Knowing the facts, Hess was insulted and told Smith he was going to quit.

I heard of this situation by the grapevine, and rushed to Chicago to talk to the erstwhile ghost writer. We made a deal with Hess which was the beginning of a long and friendly association that lasted until the day of his death. He had in mind a strip, *The Nebbs*, which had the same pattern and his sparkling humor. We hired a young artist named Wally Carlson to do the drawing. I guaranteed Hess 6 percent against a guarantee of $800 a week. After we had signed the contract, I didn't know whether I had made a bad deal or not, but we had to gamble in those days.

First I went to see Bradford Merrill, then general manager of the Hearst papers, and he asked me to show the samples to the boss himself, William Randolph Hearst. He okayed it for his whole string [of papers] at a price which got us off the nut. From then on it grew, and we all prospered. Hess was a fine, generous associate. *The Gumps* continued on its momentum, but it was never the same as it had been when Hess was doing the job.

The only contract we ever had actually signed by William Randolph Hearst was for a strip George Ade was writing for us. One of our salesmen had been on the Coast, and I gave him a letter to Mr. Hearst, on the off chance it would do some good. It did. Hearst bought the feature for all his papers.

At that time Victor Polacheck was general manager, having found the key to the office ahead of Victor Watson who was also scrambling for the job after Bradford Merrill died. Polachek called me up and insisted I go to see him at once.

"What do you mean by making a contract with W.R.?" he demanded as soon as I got inside the door. "Don't you know I buy features around here now?

"Well, of course, we are in the business of selling," I replied. "One of our salesmen saw Mr. Hearst, and he bought the strip. But I brought the contract with me," I added, pulling it out of my pocket. "I'll tell you what I will do if you are unhappy about it—I'll tear it up right here."

He seemed surpised. "Oh, no, don't do that," he answered.

It was just a bluff. I knew he woudn't let me tear up a contract signed by Mr. Hearst.

The first time Billy de Beck, creator of *Barney Google*, came into my office, he reminded me of Bud Fisher. He was dapper, cocksure, and talented. He turned down our offer to go to work for the Hearst papers—a mistake, but we remained friends until the day he died.

We both belonged to the Artists and Writers Club. The fashionable Mrs. Stotesbery used to give us a party every year which was pretty stylish and luxurious. An unexpected event in which Billy de Beck starred cancelled out this one-night stand.

In a cage in her backyard or patio was a friendly chimpanzee or small gorilla. During the festivities on this particular occasion, we missed De Beck, but no one paid much attention until we were getting ready to depart. Then a search was started, since we didn't want our hostess to find one of our members behind the coats the next morning. Finally one of the scouts reported our missing companion had gotten into the cage with the ape.

"Now we've got a problem," remarked Grantland Rice, our president. "How are we going to tell which is Billy and which is the ape?"

**ONE-TWO PANCHO—Mexican Pancho Villa, caricatured by Lute Pease, 1915.**

A young man named John Igoe started out as an artist. Tad, the cartoonist, changed his Christian moniker to Hype after hypodermic.

Igoe wanted to be a boxing writer, since he admired fighters very much, and I helped to get him a job in the sports department of the old *Morning World*. One of his first assignments was to cover a heavyweight championship match in Milwaukee, and he started out with a liberal advance in cash against his expense account. One evening with some convivial companions, Hype got the idea he wanted to buy a Shetland pony for his girl.

After some research, he found a gent with one of the animals for sale. Igoe paid $50. Then he took the pony around with him while he did some more shopping at saloons and tried to figure out where he could stable the animal for the night. Finally he went back to his hotel. He saw a fellow standing on the sidewalk who looked trustworthy.

"Would you hold my pony for me for ten dollars?" he asked the man.

"If you pay me in advance," answered the stranger.

Hype foolishly did. Then he went inside to confer with the night clerk. He explained his predicament.

"For ten dollars can I take a Shetland pony up to my room?" he asked

"For ten dollars," replied the man, "you can take an elephant up to your room." Igoe slipped the clerk a tenner.

Igoe returned to the sidewalk to find both the pony and the horseholder had disappeared without a trace. He never did see either again. However, when he put an item on his expense account—"purchase of a Shetland pony, $70"—he had one hell of a time making it stand up. In fact, he didn't.

I'VE BEEN DIETING FOR THE LAST MONTH - LOST SEVEN POUNDS - WHY DON'T YOU SHOW IT? AND WHY DON'T YOU BUY A NEW STYLE MAGAZINE FOR 25 CENTS? FOR 25 CENTS AND A FEW PENS OF INK I COULD HAVE AN UP-TO DATE GOWN
YOU ARE PERHAPS THE MOST UNGRATEFUL GUY LIVING -- ALWAYS MAKING A MONKEY OUT OF A GUY WHO'S MAKING A LIVING FOR YOU!!
W.A. Carlson

**THE JEWELER—Artist Wally Carlson (self-caricatured at drawing board) and his partner on *The Nebbs*, Sol Hess. The strip was a hit of Wheeler's Syndicate.**

"Why do you need a Shetland pony to cover a fight?" demanded his boss. "Do you have to ride him to the ringside?"

One of the colorful and outstanding figures in baseball was Cap Huston who, with Jake Ruppert, owned the Yankees. Cap had made his money in Cuba just after the Spanish War and spent it freely wherever you could buy a drink. He always wore a black derby and was dubbed by Bill McGeehan "the man in the iron hat." He was a genial free-wheeling gent.

Now each year the baseball writers have a dinner where food is of secondary importance. Hype Igoe's wife, having had some previous experience with these affairs, declined for her husband by hiding all his clothes except one pair of pajamas.

Hype was equal to the occasion. He sneaked out on the fire escape and dropped from the bottom balcony to the street where he hailed a taxi and directed the driver to the Biltmore Hotel, Cap Huston's temporary headquarters. On arrival, Hype sent word up to get his fare, and then he scurried upstairs in the service elevator.

Cap took charge. First he tried some tailors he knew, but it proved to be a Jewish holiday. Then he began to call up department and men's clothing shops, and these were closed too, since it was Election Day. Ever resourceful, he finally hit on an idea. He telephone Frank E. Campbell, the big undertaker.

"I would like to rent a burial suit to fit a medium-sized man for this evening," he said.

"For a corpse?" demanded the mortician.

"Not now, but he may be before the night is over, and you will get some business."

The deal was made, and the costume delivered. Hype attended the dinner, but he had to face front all evening. The suit had no back in it.

During the 1919 crooked World Series, Hype Igoe was traveling from Cincinnati to Chicago on a night train. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning he found a tired brakeman asleep in the smoking compartment with his cap and lantern on the seat beside him. Hype was able to take these without stirring him. He proceeded to go through the train, waking up the sleeping passengers in their berths and compartments demanding their tickets. He had them fishing in their wallets and complaining loudly. This was a typical Igoe performance. The regular conductor caught up with him after two cars had been covered.

There was a famous restaurant in New York on Sixth Avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets, named Jack's. The proprietor was Jack Dunston. It had no key, and the boast of the boss was the place never closed. In the middle between two dining rooms was an oyster bar presided over by a fellow who, on nights when he felt good, would open the bivalves with his thumbnail. Occasionally after a football game, some boisterous students would invade Jack's with the idea of roughing it up. The oyster man was the official bouncer.

There is the story of several Princeton youths, headed by a famous gridiron star named John Dewitt, who paid a call at the restaurant to stir things up. The fellow behind the oyster bar was patient and tried persuasion without avail. Then, according to Irvin Cobb, a reliable reporter who was present, he wrapped the boys up in a neat package and tied one around the outside. He threw the package out into Sixth Avenue with a warning not to come back.

Tad, the cartoonist, used to visit Jack's pretty regularly in the early-morning hours, usually with Hype Igoe. The latter kept a banjo or a guitar in the icebox, and with the consent of the proprietor, they would put on an act for the rest of the patrons. The old Hippodrome was across the street where Annette Kellerman, the swimming star, was appearing in a giant tank act. "Let's see you do the standing, sitting, standing dive, Hype," the cartoonist would suggest.

Whereupon Igoe would stand on a chair and attempt it, winding up sprawling on the floor. Once he broke his wrist. He was no Annette Kellerman without water.

Tad had a wife he seldom saw and affectionately called "the Moon" because of the contour of her face. His official residence was in Great Neck, but he frequently forgot to write his own address. She specialized in entertaining Chinese students of both sexes, and the house was usually full of these Orientals.

Once in a while when Tad did get home, he had difficulty in finding a place to sleep unless he wanted to crawl in with a Chink. One day some friend asked him how he was getting along.

"Terrible," he answered. "You have to have a laundry ticket to get into my joint."

Both Tad and Igoe are dead. Too bad. They don't come like them any more.

# Squirrel

By Mark Johnson

The name of Gene Ahern (1895-1960) is known to comic-strip fans because of his immortal *Our Boarding House*, but hardly any mention has ever been made of his earlier works.

His first professional recognition came from a man at a men's fashion house, who noticed Ahern's doodlings on the wrapping paper used in the meat market where he was employed. This led to a job at the fashion house, but not in the way anticipated. He became a model.

Eventually, in pursuit of an art career, he spent three years attending classes at the Chicago Art Institute where an instructor told him he was wasting his time. Ahern may have been disheartened by this, but not for long.

In 1914-1915 N.E.A. (the Newspaper Enterprise Association) was on a drive to build up their cartooning stable. Until that time they had few cartoons to offer—all weekday offerings, as there were no NEA Sundays yet. Their only two permanent men were Satterfield and A.D. Condo. During the new drive to improve their bullpen, NEA hired on a variety of talents, including Walter Allman, Merrill Blosser, Bert Green, Wells, Jack Wilson and Eugene Ahern.

Ahern was untried, rather amateurish, but enthusiastic. NEA must have seen some potential in the 19-year old, and they were right, as would soon be evident. But at first he had a lot of working and on-the-job learning ahead of him; when he began his artwork he was downright embarrassing. But at this point in comics history, especially in the daily strips, the quality didn't seen to matter much to editors. Ahern was obviously trying to imitate Rube Goldberg, both in artwork and subject matter, as he would continue to do for the next few years. Early efforts were mainly panels showing visual puns, crazy inventions, and miscellaneous sports cartoons. The catch-all titles "Isn't It So?" and "Squirrel Food" were to be applied to any of these, but weren't really treated as formal series headings; titles might be dropped or replaced at the whim of an editor. For instance, the *Kentucky Post* always re-titled the Ahern cartoon, managing to fit the name of their state into it somehow.

In 1915 Gene Ahern launched two panel series, "Taking Her To The Ball Game" and "Fathead Fritz." "Ball Game" showed different couples of men and women in the stands, the men answering questions borne of feminine ignorance about the game in overzealous wise-cracks. "Fritz" was Ahern's first recurring character, a sportsman, usually a baseball player. He constantly muffed plays, resulting in bizarre excuses being issued by a little bearded fellow with the words "Old Man Alibi" across his chest. Both series usually had a baseball and a pop-bottle commenting at the bottom of the drawing, *a la* T.E. Powers's *Joys and Glooms*.

A third panel began in June of 1915, called "Dream Dope." This had the words *Squirrel Food by Ahern* hand-drawn atop the subtitle, insuring perhaps against any unneccesary tampering with his pet title. "Dream Dope" was a sort of fantasy, much like the Billy DeBeck/Paul Fung series *Bughouse Fables* of the 1920s. Most of the ideas in this set were very elementary, such as a fellow who doesn't have every one on the streetcar reading

TAKING HER TO THE BALL GAME

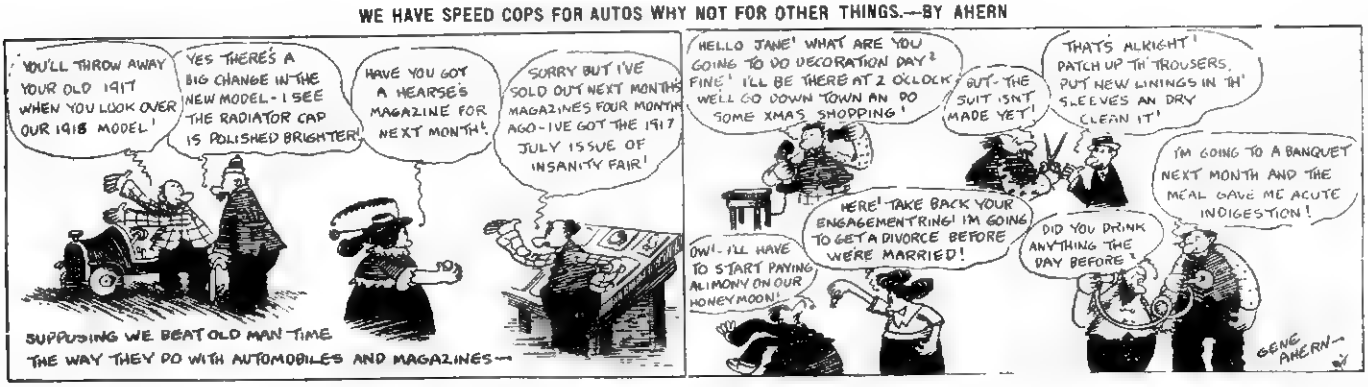
WHY IS THAT FELLOW JUMPING AND YELLING ?
THAT'S THE COACH — HE THINKS HE'S A RING WORM OR A BUM WATCH TRYING TO UNWIND HIMSELF — HE ALSO FIGURES BY DOING ALL THAT JUMPING AND TWISTING HE'LL BE LIMBER ENOUGH TO WALK THROUGH A REVOLVING DOOR WITHOUT BUSTING HIS CRANIUM!
STAY AWAY FROM HIM HE'LL MAKE A BUM OUT OF YOU!
HIS MOTHER HAD NO BUSINESS TO LET HIM GROW UP!
E. Ahern

over his shoulder; a woman admitting another outclasses her; or barbers that don't eat raw onions.

At the end of the year Ahern did his first regular strip (albeit in vertical format), *Sporty Sid and His Pals*. It was a short-lived story of an unsuccessful gambling hustler.

*Squirrel Food* became a strip in 1916, and so began Ahern's best work until *Our Boarding House*. His writing style, if not his artwork, matured, a fact that greatly enhanced his daily

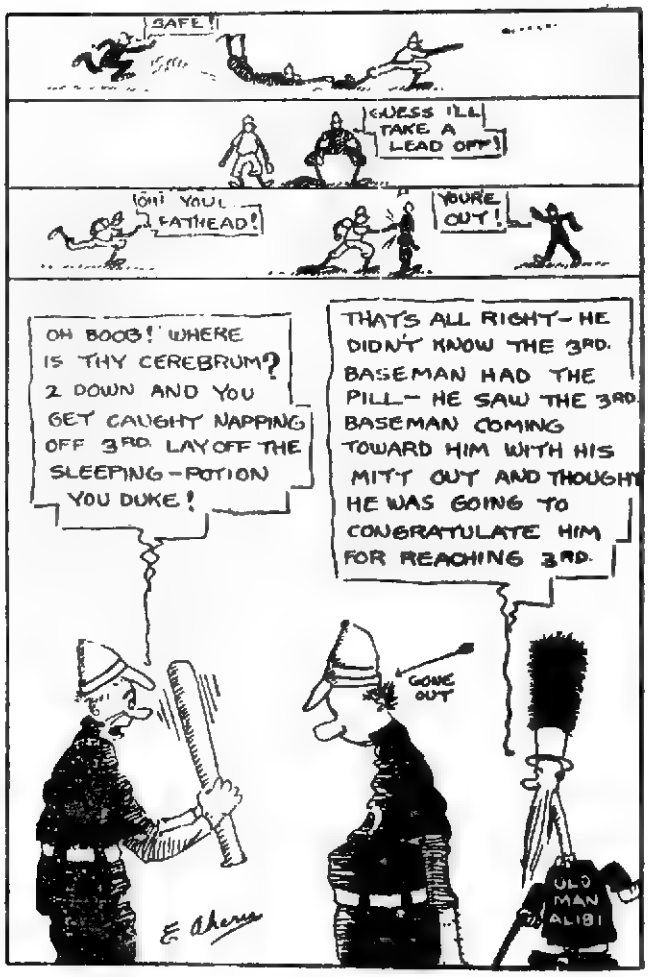
WE HAVE SPEED COPS FOR AUTOS WHY NOT FOR OTHER THINGS.—BY AHERN


YOU'LL THROW AWAY YOUR OLD 1917 WHEN YOU LOOK OVER OUR 1918 MODEL!
YES THERE'S A BIG CHANGE IN THE NEW MODEL - I SEE THE RADIATOR CAP IS POLISHED BRIGHTER!
HAVE YOU GOT A HEARSE'S MAGAZINE FOR NEXT MONTH!
SORRY BUT I'VE SOLD OUT NEXT MONTH'S MAGAZINES FOUR MONTHS AGO - I'VE GOT THE 1917 JULY ISSUE OF INSANITY FAIR!
SUPPOSING WE BEAT OLD MAN TIME THE WAY THEY DO WITH AUTOMOBILES AND MAGAZINES—
HELLO JANE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO DECORATION DAY? FINE! I'LL BE THERE AT 2 O'CLOCK WE'LL GO DOWN TOWN AN DO SOME XMAS SHOPPING!
BUT - THE SUIT ISN'T MADE YET!
THAT'S ALRIGHT! PATCH UP TH' TROUSERS, PUT NEW LININGS IN TH' SLEEVES AN DRY CLEAN IT!
I'M GOING TO A BANQUET NEXT MONTH AND THE MEAL GAVE ME ACUTE INDIGESTION!
HERE! TAKE BACK YOUR ENGAGEMENT RING! I'M GOING TO GET A DIVORCE BEFORE WE'RE MARRIED!
OW! - I'LL HAVE TO START PAYING ALIMONY ON OUR HONEYMOON!
DID YOU DRINK ANYTHING THE DAY BEFORE?
GENE AHERN

# Food

**Borrowing from Goldberg, TAD, and Wheelan, Gene Ahern began a career-long love affair with nonsense.**

FATHEAD FRITZ

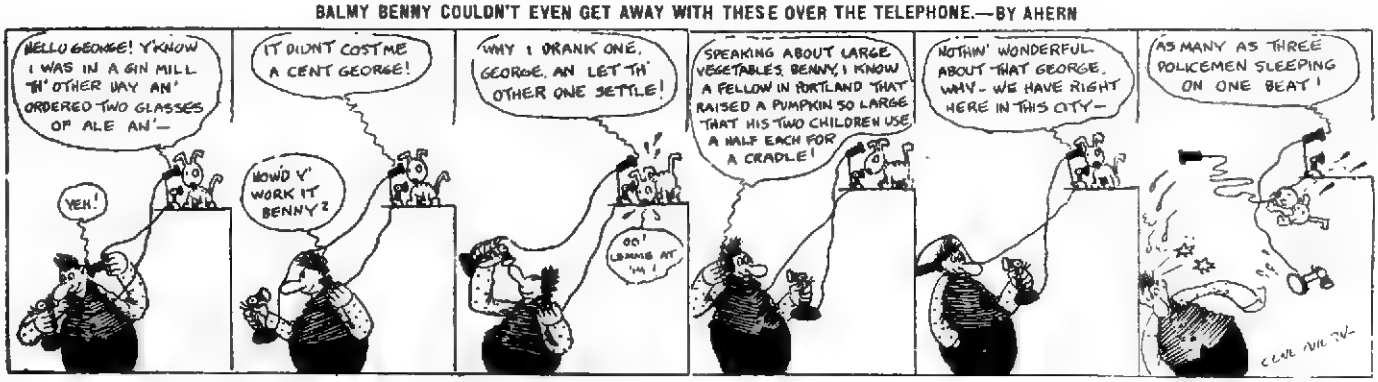

SAFE!!
GUESS I'LL TAKE A LEAD OFF!
OH! YOU FATHEAD!
YOU'RE OUT!
OH BOOB! WHERE IS THY CEREBRUM? 2 DOWN AND YOU GET CAUGHT NAPPING OFF 3RD. LAY OFF THE SLEEPING-POTION YOU DUKE!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT-HE DIDN'T KNOW THE 3RD. BASEMAN HAD THE PILL- HE SAW THE 3RD. BASEMAN COMING TOWARD HIM WITH HIS MITT OUT AND THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO CONGRATULATE HIM FOR REACHING 3RD.
GONE OUT
OLD MAN ALIBI
E. Ahern

SQUIRREL FOOD — BY AHERN
"DREAM DOPE"
PARDON ME MONSIEUR!. IM A PERFECTLY HAPPY, CONTENTED, MAN OF LEISURE, AND IM NOT MARRIED! WORK DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME AND I GET ALL I WANT TO EAT BY HOOKING FREE LUNCH! WOULD YOU LET ME HAVE A JITNEY? I WANT THE MONEY FOR BEER!
I ALWAYS LIKE TO HELP OUT HOBOS AND BUMS!
LOT FOR SALE
HELP KEEP THE CITY CLEAN
E. Ahern

slang/satire feature. A real workhorse, Ahern was often doing three cartoons a day, and occasionally spot art for news tidbits.

The titles *Squirrel Food* and *Isn't It So?* were used interchangeably, but soon the strip would either be called *Squirrel Food* or by one of its various subtitles alone, then *Squirrel Food* permanently. The star of the comic was added in 1916: Balmy Benny, a chunky little guy who shared vaudeville patter with his straight man, George the Dog. Benny would alternate every few days with a satire on a given subject, usually related to events in the news. Other ideas frequently used were nutty newsreels, people's Jekyll and Hyde transformations, sports, inventions. In mid-summer of 1916 he dropped the large panels and started adding to the NEA line of thumbnail cartoons: it was a format that the syndicate offered to fill up odd spaces in subscribing papers. Ahern drew these column-wide spots, with titles such as "Helpless Humans," "Famous Fibs," "Soft Snaps," and "Rummy Rhymes," for about two years. Some panels showed a poor sap caught in situations akin to Webster's *Life's*

BALMY BENNY COULDN'T EVEN GET AWAY WITH THESE OVER THE TELEPHONE.—BY AHERN


HELLO GEORGE! Y'KNOW I WAS IN A GIN MILL 'TH' OTHER WAY AN' ORDERED TWO GLASSES OF ALE AN'-
YEH!
IT DIDN'T COST ME A CENT GEORGE!
HOW'D Y' WORK IT BENNY?
WHY I DRANK ONE, GEORGE, AN LET 'TH' OTHER ONE SETTLE!
SPEAKING ABOUT LARGE VEGETABLES, BENNY, I KNOW A FELLOW IN PORTLAND THAT RAISED A PUMPKIN SO LARGE THAT HIS TWO CHILDREN USE A HALF EACH FOR A CRADLE!
NOTHIN' WONDERFUL ABOUT THAT GEORGE, WHY- WE HAVE RIGHT HERE IN THIS CITY-
AS MANY AS THREE POLICEMEN SLEEPING ON ONE BEAT!

SQUIRREL FOOD WEAKLY--- BY AHERN

HOUSTON TEXAS - COAST TO COAST WITHOUT ENGINE, TIRE, OR FUEL TROUBLE, LESLIE LIGHTNINGHEELS PASSED THROUGH HERE THIS A.M. THE POLICE ESCORTED HIM TO THE OUTSKIRTS -
TERRE HAUTE IND - WHEN NEIGHBORS WENT TO COMPLIMENT CY ANIDE ON THE REALISTIC SCARECROW IN HIS CORNFIELD THEY FOUND OUT IT WAS CY HIMSELF HANGING IN THE TREE -
CINCINNATI-OHIO - WHILE STOOPING DOWN TO PICK UP A $1. POINTED OUT TO HIM BY A STRANGER CHAS TRIPE HAD $5 TAKEN FROM HIS BACK POCKET BY THE STRANGER - "NO LOSS" SAYS CHAS. "I WAS GOIN' TO A RASSLIN' MATCH ANYWAY"
DES MOINES-IA. "WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT" IS WHAT YOU'LL SAY. THE REASON YOU DIDN'T IS BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A GENIUS LIKE ART LITENOB OF THIS CITY WHO INVENTED THE "LITENOB HAIR PARTER"
GENE AHERN

SQUIRREL FOOD—Now That the Czar Is Out of a Job.—By Ahern.

EX CZAR NICHOLAS II TODAY IN THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CAVIAR
STEP RIGHT IN GENTS! YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO SEE A REAL KING STOP PIES WITH HIS WHISKERS!
C'MON! I KNOW WHERE WE CAN SEE CHAPLIN AN' FAIRBANKS FOR TH' SAME PRICE!
STOPSKI! WHATS IN MATTERVITCH! CAN'T YOU READSKI? GWAN BACK UPSKI TILL I TELL YOU GOVITCH OR I'LL PUT YOU IN AMERICANSKI SIBERIA!
GO SLOW
HE MIGHT GO IN THE MOVIES -
HE'D STILL BE THE CZAR WITH A TRAFFIC COP'S JOB -
HASKI! - I'M A RUSSIAN WOLF!
ATTA BOY NICK!
LETS SEE YOUR WHIP!
AS A BALL PLAYER NICK OUGHT TO BE A DRAWING CARD
SAY IVAN! PICKSKI OUT A HANDFULOVITCH OF RUBELS AND KOPECKS - I MIGHT WANTSKI TO PITCHSKI COINOVITCH!
"EX CZAR NICHOLAS SHAVES WITH THE EVERFULL RAZOR"
THINK OF THE ROYALITIES HE COULD PULL DOWN FROM SOME RAZOR CO. FOR THE ABOVE
MAYBE HE'S SATISFIED WITH HIS TWO BILLION AND DOESN'T WANT A JOB -
GENE AHERN

SQUIRREL FOOD—By Ahern.

HISTORY GIVES US SOME INSTANCES OF EGYPTIAN CITIZENS GETTING THE HUNCH THAT THE PHAROS WERE GETTING AWAY WITH IT PRETTY EASY AND ALL WRONG SO THEY'D MAKE EMBALMED BEEF OUT OF MR. PHARO BY TICKLING HIM WITH AN AX OR SIC AN ASP ONTO THE ROYAL BUM -
WHILE THE ANTI-VEGETARIANS OF AFRICA WOULD STOP TO THINK ABOUT THEIR KINK - WHERE DOES THIS GUY GET THAT STUFF?" AND A TRIO OF EBONY GENTS WOULD PICK UP A REDWOOD AND BOUNCE IT OFF THE ROYAL DOME. THEN GET OUT THEIR NAPKINS FOR A FEED OF CONGO GOULASH A-LA-KING -
ALSO IN THE TIME WHEN GENTS ANKLED ABOUT WITH MERRY-GO-ROUNDS ON THEIR NECKS IT WOULD DAWN ON THEM THAT THE ROYAL BIRD WAS ONLY A HIGH CLASS WOLF SO THEY'D HOP ON HIS EAR AND HAD HIM AWAY TO A CELLAR AND WRAP HIM UP WITH A TON OF SCRAP IRON AND LEAVE HIM FOR THE MOTHS -
NICE PALACE FOR RENT
ROYAL ASH CAN
EVEN TODAY THEY'RE GIVING THESE "DIVINE RIGHT" EGGS. THE ROYAL RAZOO - OLD CZAR NICK WAS GIVEN A "STEVE BRODIE" AND SKIDDED INTO THE ASHES BUT HE WON'T BE ALONE VERY LONG - BILL HOHENZOLLERN HAS A BANANA PEEL UNDER HIS HOOF AND IT'S THE ROLLERS FOR HIM & CO. FOR AMEN -
GENE AHERN

SQUIRREL FOOD—Anyhow, Benny Wasn't Trying to Hit the B alloon.—By Ahern.

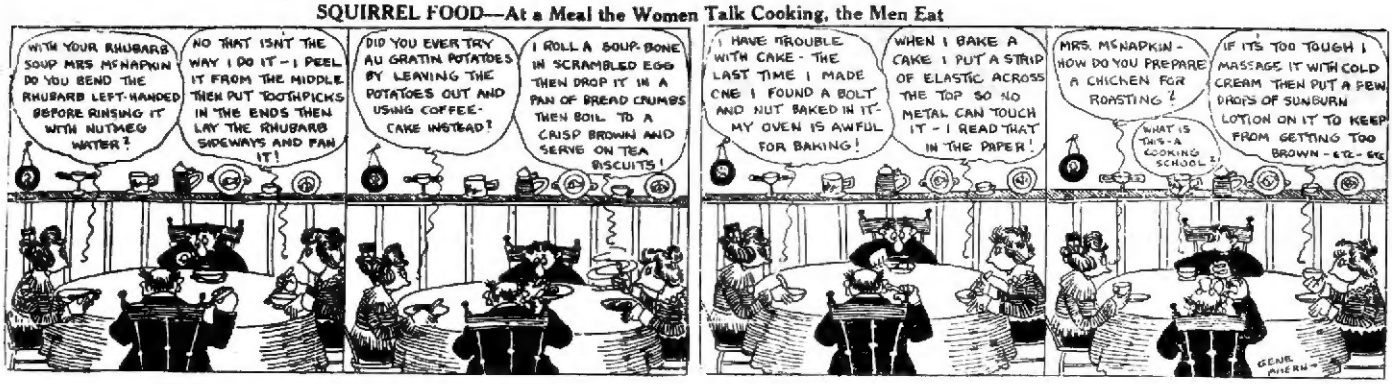
ARE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH ANY DEAF PEOPLE BENNY?
NOPE GEORGE - NOT TO SPEAK TO!
Y'KNOW - I USED TO BE DEAF MYSELF UP 'TILL A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO!
PROF M.T. DOME'S TRAVELOGUES — SILLY SIGHTS IN SIMPGOOFIA -
THE FAMOUS BOX-SPRINGS OWNED BY AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN RED TRUSTS -
THE QUEER KNOT-TREE WHICH IS USED EXTENSIVELY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SHOESTRINGS -
I COULDN'T HEAR A SOUND FOR A LONG TIME AND ONE DAY MY BROTHER MAX BROUGHT HOME SOME MEDICINE FOR ME TO TAKE — AN' —
I TOOK SOME AN' —
TH' NEXT MORNING I HEARD FROM MY UNCLE IN CANADA!
NATIVE BAKERS DIVING IN LAKE-OVEN FOR SPONGE CAKES
THE GENTS OF SIMPGOOFIA ALLOW ONLY ONE HAIR TO GROW ON THEIR DOME AND SPEND MUCH TIME TRYING TO PART IT IN THE MIDDLE -
A BRIDE-TO-BE OF SIMPGOOFIA PICKING HER TROUSSEAU -
GENE AHERN

*Darkest Moment* in miniature. Others were poetry, satire, and moments in the life of the screwy.

Sometime late in 1916 or early 1917, Ahern began his own daily column, sometimes called *Ahern's Chatter* but more commonly known as *Ain't Nature Wonderful*. Clearly his ability to write in a funny everyday idiom matched his energy to produce artwork, and it overflowed from his strips into the column, which he kept writing into 1919.

In 1918 *Squirrel Food* was overtaken by its star and became *Balmy Benny*. Benny had been in the Army for a few weeks in the spring of 1917, when the United States entered World War I, but soon he returned to civilian life. Like veterans in real life, Benny had to find a job back home after demobilization, which provided grist for Ahern's mill. After a few tries at different occupations, however, Benny was scrapped in February, 1919 in favor of another round of *Squirrel Food*.

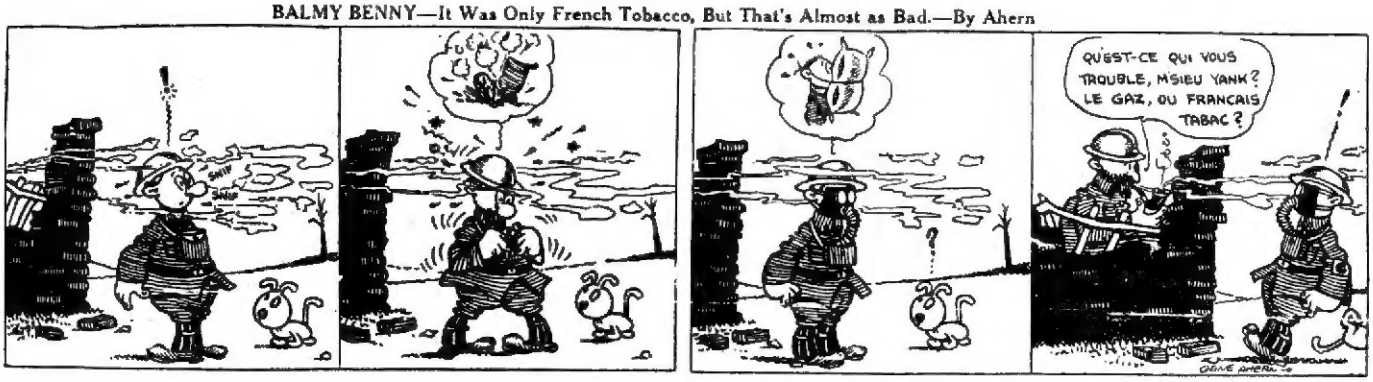
SQUIRREL FOOD—At a Meal the Women Talk Cooking, the Men Eat


WITH YOUR RHUBARB SOUP MRS MCNAPKIN DO YOU BEND THE RHUBARB LEFT-HANDED BEFORE RINSING IT WITH NUTMEG WATER?
NO THAT ISN'T THE WAY I DO IT - I PEEL IT FROM THE MIDDLE THEN PUT TOOTHPICKS IN THE ENDS THEN LAY THE RHUBARB SIDEWAYS AND FAN IT!
DID YOU EVER TRY AU GRATIN POTATOES BY LEAVING THE POTATOES OUT AND USING COFFEE-CAKE INSTEAD?
I ROLL A SOUP-BONE IN SCRAMBLED EGG THEN DROP IT IN A PAN OF BREAD CRUMBS THEN BOIL TO A CRISP BROWN AND SERVE ON TEA BISCUITS!
I HAVE TROUBLE WITH CAKE - THE LAST TIME I MADE ONE I FOUND A BOLT AND NUT BAKED IN IT- MY OVEN IS AWFUL FOR BAKING!
WHEN I BAKE A CAKE I PUT A STRIP OF ELASTIC ACROSS THE TOP SO NO METAL CAN TOUCH IT - I READ THAT IN THE PAPER!
MRS. MCNAPKIN - HOW DO YOU PREPARE A CHICKEN FOR ROASTING?
WHAT IS THIS - A COOKING SCHOOL?
IF ITS TOO TOUGH I MASSAGE IT WITH COLD CREAM THEN PUT A FEW DROPS OF SUNBURN LOTION ON IT TO KEEP FROM GETTING TOO BROWN - ETC - ETC
GENE AHERN

SQUIRREL FOOD—We've Often Wondered What the Movie Actors Talk About.—By Ahern.

PONTCHA EVER READ TH PAPERS? HOW 'BOUT LAST YEAR - WERENT TH SOX IN FIRST PLACE UNTIL BOSTON FOUND OUT ABOUT IT? WHAT ABOUT THAT - HUH?
THAT WAS LAST YEAR - NOW I'LL LAY YOU EVEN MONEY TH' WHITE SOX KNOCK 'EM ALL TO A WHISPER BY TH' MIDDLE OF SEPTEMBER!
WHEN THE RAILROAD KING INFORMS HIS WORTHLESS SON HES THROUGH WITH HIM AND TO GET OUT GO HIS WAY HES CUT OFF WITHOUT A CENT -
SAY AL - Y' HINT GOIN' TO WEAR THAT SWELL YELLA SILK SHIRT OF YOURS TONIGHT ARE YOU?
NO! I DONT THINK I WILL PETE - WHY - DID Y' WANNT TO WEAR IT?
THE DEADLY COMBAT BETWEEN THE PRISONER HERO AND FIENDISH VILLIAN - WHO ROOM TOGETHER -
THIS IS MY LAST PAY HERE - I'M GOIN WITH A COMPANY THAT PAYS SURE $4 A DAY!
WHY LISEN! TH GERMANS AINT GOT A CHANCE! TH WHOLE WORLDS AGIN' EM!
I'M GETTIN TIRED OF FILM BALLIES BUTLERS AN FOOTMEN
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA BE IN TH NEXT PICTURE RUTH? I'M T' BE A SMUGGLER!
THE GREAT TRIAL SCENE -
THIS SCENARIO IS A PICKEL I'M GLAD ITS OVER!
THIS NIGHT WORK GETS MY ANGORA!
THE FINIS - WHEN THE LOVERS DO A MUSH FOR THE FADEAWAY
GENE AHERN

BALMY BENNY—It Was Only French Tobacco, But That's Almost as Bad.—By Ahern

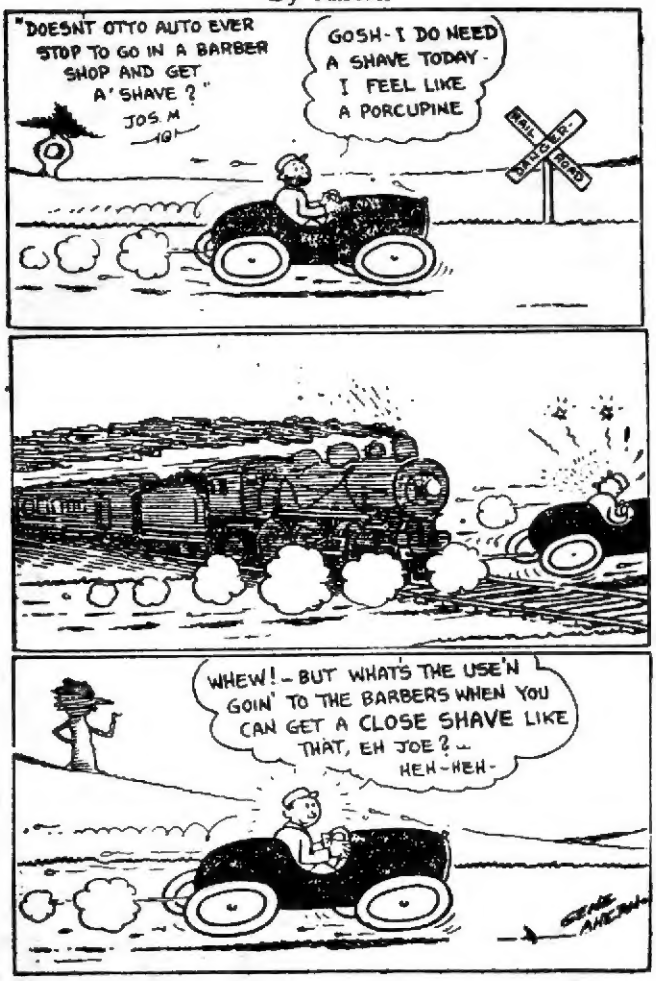



BALMY BENNY—BENNY IS QUITE AN ELABORATE DREA MER.—By Ahern

RIGHTO!
GET TH' LEAD PIPE READY CHAS - SHH- HERE THEY COME!
AGAIN I TOLD YOU VILLIE - YOU ISS A BOOB!
AND YOU ISS A NUT, PAPA
NOW - OLD WART!!
ACH - VOT ISS?
AND YOU TOO, CLOWN PRINCE SILLY!
A COUPLE MORE TWISTS CHARLEY AN' WE'LL TOSS A FEW MOTHS ON 'EM AN' GO!
NOW THESE ROYEL BUMS KNOW HOW A PRETZEL FEELS, EH BEN?
POP!
GOSH - WAS I DREAMIN'?
SAY! SAY! COME OUT OF IT - YOU MUST THINK YOU'RE A DRUM MAJOR, WITH THAT CANE!

A new format was given this time in three flat, thin panels that could be stacked three high, matching the size of other NEA items. It had a vaudeville flavor, sometimes even taking place on a stage, and was of uneven quality, so in late February Ahern decided to add something novel to the strip and put, in the background, a small driver named Otto Auto who couldn't be stopped by anything placed in his path. The character was much like Frank King's *Motorcycle Mike* earlier in the decade, but Otto had four wheels to Mike's two. Readers were invited to think up ideas to stop him, but tacks, tanks, and rubber walls all were foiled by the demon driver. (Earlier, in 1917, Ahern had asked for audience response to answer Benny's question:

## OTTO AUTO—THE DEMON CHAUFFEUR—
By Ahern


"DOESNT OTTO AUTO EVER STOP TO GO IN A BARBER SHOP AND GET A' SHAVE ?"
JOS M
GOSH-I DO NEED A SHAVE TODAY- I FEEL LIKE A PORCUPINE
RAIL-ROAD CROSSING
WHEW!-BUT WHAT'S THE USE'N GOIN' TO THE BARBERS WHEN YOU CAN GET A CLOSE SHAVE LIKE THAT, EH JOE?- HEH-HEH-
GENE AHERN

"Where was Moses when the lights went out?" But it was only a ruse, the replies coming from people like "Joe Tapioca," "Hank Hairoil" and "Leonard Lard.")

In April of 1918 Otto pushed out the Joe Miller jokes to overtake the strip entirely. In May, the latest name change—*Otto Auto*—replaced *Squirrel Food* for the last time. Otto had proven popular enough to merit this, and doubtless Ahern himself didn't realize the public would find the "Stop Otto" challenge so fascinating. But it really took off; in fact that there were so many suggestions on how to put an end to Otto's ceaseless joy ride that Ahern could hardly accommodate them all, and the excess contributions were crammed into a column that accompanied the cartoon.

Otto was evidently not universally popular; the NEA syndicate's parent paper, *The Cleveland Press*, once ran a letter from a reader condemning it as "brainless stuff." To some extent this was true, but as America was swiftly becoming an automotivated nation, it had a decidedly progressive theme. Reader strategies would be reproduced in the first panel as Otto blasts by, usually accepting the dare with a word to its author, saying something like, "Okay Bill, let's try it!" Of course, nothing worked on unstoppable Otto's auto.

A rural sheriff, Constable Cutplug, was introduced in August of 1918 to add a bit of a story element into the mindless speeding. The constable, along with his deputy Chester, had a big mission on their hands—to stop Otto at any cost. They failed miserably every day. With the new characters, though, Otto became oblivious to the fact he was in a comic strip, getting down to the small-sized plot of an off-and-on endless chase.

By early 1920, Otto had run his course, proving to be a short-lived success. Perhaps the public grew tired of him, or Ahern did, exhausted of the rut he'd dug for himself. The cartoonist decided to put his fast-moving hero through a major overhaul, finally stopping the car and letting Otto out to stretch his legs after nearly a year of steady scorching. He must've been pretty dizzy. Readers could get a good look at Otto, a puny little fellow, but one with a big job ahead of him. His new situation was as owner of a garage, predating the daily *Gasoline Alley* by six months. It was an enjoyable effort. Otto and his incompetent helper Clem sold parts, unfixed cars, and generally bemoaned the high cost of keeping the family Lizzie rattling.

Though this was a strip with everything going for it—likeable characters, interesting and new situations, and reader identification—it was dumped for a new opus, *The Crazy Quilt*, basically a re-incarnation of *Squirrel Food*. Apparently Ahern was more at home with incidental gags derived from one topic a day than a recurring plot. *Crazy Quilt* debuted on February 9, 1921, originally as a large square panel, then becoming a two-panel strip in April. The "quilt" aspect of strip—stitched pieces of fabric—were drawn around the borders of each incident.

After so many years it might have seemed that Ahern no longer had to imitate anyone, finally beginning to define his own style. But instead he went back to openly aping Rube

## OTTO AUTO—By Ahern

WELL NOW, Y'SEE WHEN THIS JIGGER TURNS, THIS NICKY HERE TOUCHES THIS THINGAMAJIG, THEN THIS DOOFUNNY CAUSES IT TO BLOOEY- Y'UNDERSTAND? THEN ~~
P-S-ST - OH CLEM - C'MERE!
YEH - M-HUH
TINK
LIS'EN - WHEN YOU'RE TALKING AUTOMOBILE, DON'T COME THAT JIGGER, NICKY, THINGAMAJIG, DOOFUNNY CHATTER! IF YOU WANT THEM TO UNDERSTAND YOU, TALK LIKE AN AUTOIST! GET ME ?
TALK LIKE AN AUTOIST? AWRIGHT.
Y'SEE, WHEN THIS BLANKETY-BLANK TURNS, THIS !!*☆!!⊙?-TOUCHES THIS BLANKETY *!!~~! THEN THIS !!-POW!*☆: PLAYS H~~!! WITH IT~~ ETC- *!!!☆*!-ETC-
D~~!!* IF THAT AIN'T SO -

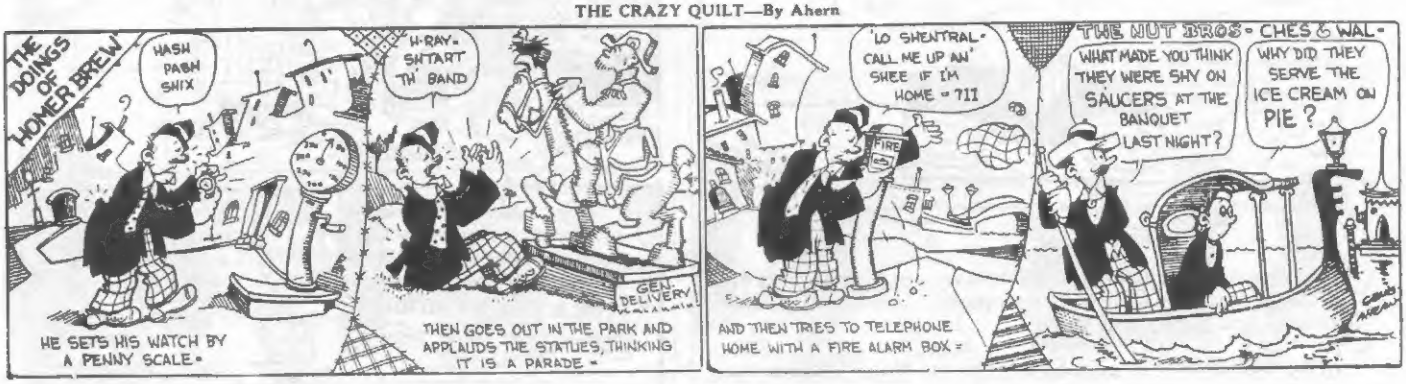
THE CRAZY QUILT—By Ahern

SOME NOISELESS LAWN-MOWERS-
HIS TEETH ARE GETTING A BIT NOISY - GUESS I'D BETTER OIL 'EM UP SO IT WON'T WAKE THE NEIGHBORS!
I'LL SAY THIS IS SILENT GRASS CUTTING - YOU CAN'T EVEN HEAR THE DEW DROP!
MUNCH CRUNCH
FISH WORM
6 OLD RAZOR BLADES
SPREAD A WOOL BLANKET OVER THE LAWN AND SET A FLOCK OF HUNGRY MOTHS TO GRAZE ON A MENU OF WOOL AND GRASS
THE NUT BROS - CHES & WAL -
I WONDER HOW NOAH SAW IN THE DARK AT NIGHT ON HIS BOAT?
HE LET THE TWO ELEPHANTS GO FOR A SWIM AND THAT MADE THE ARK-LIGHT!
GENE AHERN

THE CRAZY QUILT—By Ahern

DOUBLE USES FOR WATERMELONS-
SPRINKLING THE LAWN -
EAR SPOUTS
SLOSH SLOSH
YOU CAN EAT THE NEXT SLICE IN THE HALL-WAY!
NO TROUBLE TO GET THE KIDS TO TAKE A SATURDAY WATERMELON BATH
THE NUT BROS - CHES & WAL -
DID YOU EVER READ THE FABLE OF THE RABBIT AND THE TORTOISE?
YEH - THAT WAS THE ONE RACE THAT WASN'T WON BY A HARE!
GENE AHERN

THE CRAZY QUILT—By Ahern


THE DOINGS OF HOMER BREW
HASH PASH SHIX
HE SETS HIS WATCH BY A PENNY SCALE -
H-RAY - SHTART TH' BAND
GEN. DELIVERY
THEN GOES OUT IN THE PARK AND APPLAUDS THE STATUES, THINKING IT IS A PARADE -
'LO SHENTRAL - CALL ME UP AN' SHEE IF I'M HOME - 711
FIRE
AND THEN TRIES TO TELEPHONE HOME WITH A FIRE ALARM BOX -
THE NUT BROS - CHES & WAL -
WHAT MADE YOU THINK THEY WERE SHY ON SAUCERS AT THE BANQUET LAST NIGHT?
WHY DID THEY SERVE THE ICE CREAM ON PIE?
GENE AHERN

Goldberg with *Quilt*. One of the most striking similarities with (or steals from) *Rube Goldberg's Boobs*, as his daily strip was known, was the last portion of the cartoon being occupied by two funny brothers who did a question-and-answer riddle while engaged in some incoherent situation. Goldberg's were his old faithful characters Mike and Ike, They Look Alike. Ahern's terrible two were The Nut Bros.—Ches and Wal. Another Goldberg-like part of *Crazy Quilt* was the mad inventions. By now Ahern had some flair for this sort of thing—poles, strings and levers setting a Victrola to mash potatoes, etc.—but he hardly could steal the thunder of Goldberg, whose name already was becoming synonymous with bizarre inventions. Oddly enough, NEA chain papers such as the *Cleveland Press* and *Cincinnati Post*, and perhaps others, ran both men's strips.

The ever-restless Gene Ahern decided to give up *Quilt*, perhaps this time pressured by the realization by editors and readers that he was swiping from Goldberg. The last episode ran on his twenty-sixth birthday, Sept. 16, 1921. The next day he introduced a new series, *Our Boarding House*, a panel showing the day-to-day doings of the roomers at Mrs. Hoople's. This didn't attract much attention until the following January, when her husband, Major Hoople, was added. This W.C. Fieldsian fellow was a liar, lazy and conniving . . . and proved to be thoroughly captivating with the public. He soon made *Our Boarding House* one of America's best loved, longest-running samples of comic strip art, and Ahern found a place in cartoon history.

The Nut Bros. were temporarily discarded but were revived as a separate two-panel filler to accommodate some part of the gap left when the NEA strips started appearing in a smaller size on December 19, 1921. In 1922, this little tidbit job was assigned to newcomer Edgar Martin, and in turn was dropped by him when he got a chance to create his own strip, *Taken From Life*, in either late 1922 or early 1923. Later Ches and Wal returned when Ahern brought them back for a top strip over the Sunday page *Our Boarding House* on October 25, 1931.

All in all, Ahern evolved into one of the true wits of the comic pages during the pre-*Boarding-House* years. Though he did scraps of humor spoken in masculine folk-slanguage, he never fell back on the slapstick crutch of violence as did many of his contemporaries. Ahern's philosophy of comedy was to present a parody with words instead of pain. He would even offer a little lesson given by means of ridicule. This reflected in many ways a more mature approach than fellow jokesmiths of the day. Gene Ahern, cartoonist and gentleman, had a rare gift: be able to both get laughs from his readers and not offend any of them.